The Saturday Review of Literature

VOLUME XXVIII No. 46 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1945 FIFTEEN CENTS

COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS LIBRARY WORCESTER MASS NOV 21 '45 NOV 21 '45

James Garfield Randall, author of "Lincoln the President." *(See page 9)*

The Kingdom of the Blind

By WOLCOTT GIBBS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Challenge at Changsha

By Paul Hughes

A novel of epic proportions built around the vast, bloody third battle for Changsha, told through the personal and poignant reactions of the men who fight, their women, and the people of Changsha. Like *War and Peace, Challenge at Changsha* will not soon be dated, for it is not a military record but a rich tapestry woven from the human substance of history. By the author of *Retreat from Rostov.* $2.50

My 25 Years in China

By John B. Powell

J. B. Powell's imprisonment and torture by the Japanese were only the last act of an exciting quarter-century. Always in the thick of civil wars and invasions, in close touch with political and economic developments throughout the Far East, this veteran newspaperman has brought vividly to life in his absorbing book the leading figures and events of twenty-five years in China. $3.50

Pursuit of Understanding

By Esther Cloudman Dunn

A distinguished teacher who has never tired of the fun of learning tells her personal story with urbanity and wit. This individual and charming book includes many provocative commentaries on the meaning of education from the first exposure to ideas through the constant search for new discoveries of the mind. $2.50

Wartime Mission in Spain: 1942 1945

By Carlton J. H. Hayes

The first fully authentic report of our policy in regard to Spain: a personal account of Ambassador Hayes's role in ensuring Spain's neutrality and aid to the Allies. A candid memoir enlivened by descriptions of the country and portraits of his associates, this significant book is dramatic and readable. $3.00

At all booksellers THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield

Articles

PAGE

THE KINGDOM OF THE BLIND
By Wolcott Gibbs..... 7

AUSTRALIA'S CULTURAL "MATESHIP"
By Clem Christesen.....57

Reviews

LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT
By James Garfield Randall
Reviewed by George Fort Milton..... 9

MEET YOUR ANCESTORS
By Roy Chapman Andrews
Reviewed by Edwin Grant Burrows.....10

FOCUS
By Arthur Miller
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....11

THE UNQUIET GRAVE
By Cyril Connelly
Reviewed by Irwin Edman.....12

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN
By Charles Frederick Harrold
Reviewed by William S. Lynch.....13

THE FRIENDLY PERSUASION
By Jessamyn West
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman.....14

PRATER VIOLET
By Christopher Isherwood
Reviewed by Theodore M. Purdy.....34

THE MANATEE
By Nancy Bruff
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay.....36

ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEEN-EIGHTIES
By Helen Merrill Lynd
Reviewed by Norman Angell.....42

FREEDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY IN THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
By Carl L. Becker
Reviewed by Ordway Tead.....47

WE ALWAYS COME BACK
By James Allen
Reviewed by
Brig.-Gen. Donald Armstrong.....49

Departments

LITERARY I.Q.....12

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By John F. Wharton.....15

EDITORIAL.....18

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....19

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....22

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....24

THE ATOMIC AGE
By Eugene Wigner.....28

LITERARY CRYPT: No. 126.....40

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....56

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....60

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 608.....63

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVIII, No. 46, November 17, 1945. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1945, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Pacific Coast Offices
235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif.
411 West Fifth Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Lights Out

"If that was my son I'd rather see him dead!" But would you? Larry Nevin, blinded in France, *really* learned to see when he faced life and the girl he thought he loved—in sightlessness.

a new novel by

BAYNARD KENDRICK

At all bookstores · $2.50

and published by MORROW

PLANTATION PARADE

With the color and flavor of romantic fiction, Harnett Kane depicts life in the levee mansions a century ago, writing with the authentic touch which makes him Louisiana's best-selling author. $3.50

Lavishly Illustrated.

The Grand Manner in Louisiana

By the author of

The Bayous of Louisiana and *Louisiana Hayride*

HARNETT T. KANE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dinosaur

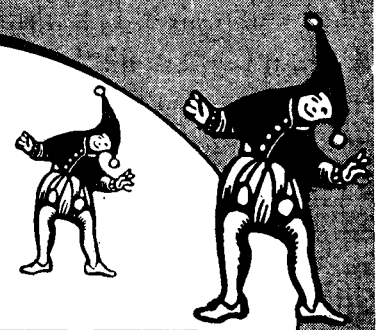
Behold the mighty Dinosaur,
Famous in prehistoric lore,
Not only for his weight and strength
But for his intellectual length.
You will observe by these remains
The creature has two sets of brains—
One in his head (the usual place),
The other at his spinal base.
Thus he could reason *a priori*
As well as *a posteriori.*
No problem bothered him a bit:
He made both head and tail of it.
So wise he was, so wise and solemn,
Each thought filled just a spinal column.
If one brain found the pressure strong
It passed a few ideas along;
If something slipped his forward mind
'Twas rescued by the one behind:
And if in error he was caught
He had a saving afterthought.
As he thought twice before he spoke
He had no judgments to revoke;
For he could think, without congestion,
Upon both sides of every question.
Oh, gaze upon this model beast,
Defunct ten million years at least.

—*Bert Leston Taylor*

The Perfect Reactionary

As I was sitting in my chair
I *knew* the bottom wasn't there.
Nor legs nor back, but *I just sat,*
Ignoring little things like that.

—*Hughes Mearns*



WHAT CHEER

An Anthology of American and British humorous and witty verse

Gathered and sifted, with an introduction by

David McCord

This infectious assembly of the most amusing verse in the English language contains in addition to the two verses on this page hundreds of limericks, epigrams, parodies, and nonsense pieces by such writers as A. P. Herbert, Morris Bishop, Ogden Nash, Benjamin Franklin, Michael Drayton, Edward Lear, Thomas Moore, and many others. *What Cheer* is arranged by subjects, amply indexed, with an appendix of cheerful fragments.

"A good volume to own and dip into . . . excellent for bedside table or guest-room shelf."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

At all bookstores • $3.50

Coward-McCann, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST RELEASED — MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED

RCA VICTOR

UNBREAKABLE "Red Seal" DE-LUXE RECORDS

Arturo Toscanini

AND THE

NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ROSSINI OVERTURES

Barber of Seville Overture . . . La Gazza Ladra Overture . . . Cenerentola Overture . . . Il Signor Bruschino Overture . . . Dance from William Tell Overture.

V-DV-2 Four 12" Records

$8.91 *tax included*

RCA VICTOR "HARD TO GET" RECORDS NOW AVAILABLE

CHOPIN—*Polonaise in A Major* by Iturbi. 11-8848 **$1.05**

Liebestraum (LISZT), *Clair De Lune* (DEBUSSY) by Iturbi. 11-8851 **$1.05**

STRAUSS—*Blue Danube Waltz* by Toscanini and N.B.C. Orchestra. 11-8580 **$1.05**

SCHUBERT—*Ave Maria* and *Aufenthalt* by Marian Anderson. 14210 **$1.05**

THOMAS—*Mignon*—*Kennst Du Das Land* by Kerstin Thorborg. 18079 **$1.05**

RICHARD STRAUSS—*Til Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche*, Boston Symphony Orchestra, S. Koussevitsky. New Non-Breakable. V-4V 1 **$4.72**

MOUSSORGSKY—*Boris Goudonoff Excerpts*, Alexander Kipnis with Orchestra and Chorus Conducted by Nicolai Berezowsky. M-DM 1000 **$6.04**

SCHONBERG—*Verklarte Nacht Ballet*, St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, V. Golschman. M-DM 1005 **$4.72**

GILBERT & SULLIVAN—*Pinafore—When I Was a Lad* by John Charles Thomas. 18223 **$1.05**

ROSSINNI—*Barbiere di Siviclia, Largo Al Factotum, Carmen—Toreador Song* by Leonard Warren. 11-8744 **$1.05**

BIZET—*Music from Carmen*, New York City Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski. M-DM 1002 **$4.72**

STRANGE MUSIC—*There's Beauty Everywhere* by James Melton. 11-8746 **$1.05**

PROKOFIEFF—*Peter and the Wolf* by Boston Symphony Orchestra, S. Koussevitzky. M-DM 566 **$3.67**

KREISLER—Violin Solos—*My Favorites*. M 910 **$3.67**

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV — *Sheherazade Suite* by San Francisco Symphony, P. Monteux. M-DM 920 **$5.77**

SEND YOUR ORDER TO →

NEW YORK'S LEADING RADIO-PHONOGRAPH-RECORD STORE

Dynamic
ELECTRONICS—NEW YORK, INC.

37 WEST 57TH STREET
2 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DYNAMIC ELECTRONICS—N. Y., INC.
37 West 57th St., New York 19 N. Y.

☐ Check or Money Order ☐ C.O.D.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Price F.O.B. New York. Add 1% City Sales Tax if located in N. Y. City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The question of Henry James

APPARENTLY there are still some readers who don't enjoy Henry James. Their case against his manner, his content, and his style can best be epitomized by the story of the man who had been away from Washington for several years and was walking around the city with a friend, looking at the array of new and imposing buildings erected in his absence. Finally he turned to his companion and said, "You know, I think there's less here than meets the eye."

It is no new thing to find readers impatient with James's relentless precision and subtlety, his unwavering preoccupation with form, and his addiction to protracted analysis of human relationships. Long before the revival of interest in James, Marian Adams wrote that the trouble with him was not that he bit off more than he could chaw, but that he chawed more than he bit off. Perhaps there is no other novelist whose faults and virtues are so inseparable. The indifferent reader dismisses him for precisely the same reasons that the eager reader admires him; one resents and the other enjoys what James called "the wear and tear of discrimination". If for some the mountain labors only to bring forth a mouse, others agree with Percy Lubbock that "the tiny movement that is the last expression of an act or a fact carries within it the history of all it has passed through on the way—a treasure of interest that the act, the fact in itself, had not possessed."

In the last few years an intense and growing interest in the works of Henry James indicates that more and more readers are coming round to the second point of view. But even through the period of comparative neglect, when most of his books were out of print and could be found only in libraries or by long and diligent search through bookstores, he never ceased being read by the shrewdest and subtlest of modern writers and literary critics. And all this time a substantial body of critical appreciation has been accumulating. The work of no other American novelist has been subjected to keener analysis or aroused more divergent opinions from the finest literary minds.

In THE QUESTION OF HENRY JAMES which we are publishing this week, F. W. Dupee has collected twenty-six of the best of these essays, ranging from the merciless parody of James's labyrinthine style to brilliant and instructive pieces by such critics as R. P. Blackmur, Edmund Wilson, Van Wyck Brooks, and T. S. Eliot.

Because much of James's work is demanding and enigmatic, his critics have used a great variety of methods and approaches—historical, political, biographical, and esthetic. Some of the critics differ so in their appraisal that it is difficult to believe they have studied the same text. Seen from many points of view and over a period of sixty years—from an early essay by Thomas Wentworth Higginson to a recent piece by F. O. Matthiessen—this collection is more than the skilled analysis of the work of one important author. It also illustrates the changing techniques and interests of literary criticism.

It is no accident that the critics drawn to Henry James should be skillful and penetrating; there never was a writer more intricate, more deliberate, more enchanted by the problems of the craft of writing. He naturally attracts readers who are, like himself, deeply interested in the theory and philosophy of the art of fiction. Perhaps much of the current excitement about his work comes from the fact that he takes all the problems of that art with full seriousness. To quote Percy Lubbock again, James "did not scruple to claim that except through art there is no life that can be known or appraised. It is the artist who takes over the deed, so called, from the doer, to give it back again in the form in which it can be seen and measured for the first time; without the brain that is able to close round the loose unappropriated fact and render all its aspects, the fact itself does not exist for us." The selectivity of the artist indicates a sense of direction. In a world that has come perilously near chaos it is small wonder that we appreciate James's deep faith in the human spirit and his belief in the high function of intelligence.

THE QUESTION OF HENRY JAMES

A COLLECTION OF CRITICAL ESSAYS

Edited by F. W. DUPEE

With a bibliography of biographies and critical studies of James

$3.75

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

The Kingdom of the Blind

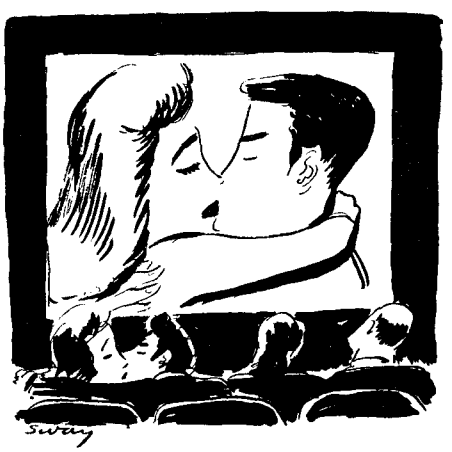
An Ex-Moving Picture Reviewer Considers His Ex-Job

WOLCOTT GIBBS

FROM early December, 1944, until this past September, I was employed to review moving pictures for a magazine of modest but genteel circulation. It was a makeshift arrangement, brought about by the war, and long before the ten months were over, both the editors and I were aware that a mistake had been made. Nothing was actually said, but there was an air of constraint and embarrassment, rather as if we had both made up our minds to ignore the fact that I had suddenly developed a slight impediment in my speech, and when in a moody moment I resigned, everybody was visibly relieved. Since the subscribers gave no indication of either agreeing or disagreeing with anything I wrote, it seemed permissible to deduce that they hadn't bothered to read it. The only comment from the profession appeared in a screen writers' trade-paper on the Coast. It compared me sardonically with Marcel Proust, the idea being that I gave the impression of operating from an insulated cell, in a very fancy atmosphere of anemia and corruption. Since one of my colleagues was described as writing as if his upper plate had worked loose, however, it was possible to regard this as a compliment.

The purpose of this essay is to explain, as clearly as I can and while certain memories are still green, why it seems to me that the cinema resists rational criticism almost as firmly as a six-day bicycle race, or perhaps love. I am conscious of the danger of generalizing too freely from a very brief experience and also of stating some things that are both obvious and highly prejudiced. However, it's a chance I'll have to take, and it is my indignant opinion that ninety percent of the moving pictures exhibited in America are so vulgar, witless, and dull that it is preposterous to write about them in any publication not intended to be read while chewing gum. The exceptions to this indictment are the documentaries, which have, of course, only very limited opportunities to distort life; frank melodramas, which have nothing to do with life and are therefore exempt from criticism; and the occasional pictures, one or two a year at most, which defiantly photograph some recognizable fragment of our common experience and generally lose a good deal of money. They are so few that obviously no one could hope to find regular employment writing about them, and consequently they can be ignored here.

The explanation of the ninety percent is so elementary and it has been offered so many times that it needn't detain us long. The cinema is a medium of entertainment economically feasible only if it can be sold to an audience of probably a hundred million in this country and God knows how many more in the rest of the hemisphere and across the sea. It must, of course, be intelligible to a vast majority of these people. The common level of intelligence in the world is presumably that of the normal adolescent, who has no need or ability to relate the parts to the whole, or the present to the total stretch of time. To him, that is, a baby is a baby, cute and permanent; it has no future and there are no conclusions to be drawn from it. (The persistent survival of Jackie Coogan as a middle-aged man, with a divorce and thinning hair, incidentally, often has an unnerving effect on lady cinema patrons, though they are only vaguely aware of him as a symbol of their own continuity.) The level of formal education, of course, is even lower, so that



any system of civilized reference is obviously out of the question. To get in a picture, Homer and Emerson must first be suitably defined, in words of not too many syllables.

The third factor that has to be considered in this universal audience is the manner of life to which it is accustomed; its incredible extremes of wealth and poverty, its varying social concepts, and its differences in language, technical progress, and even climate and clothes. To some extent, Hollywood has succeeded in imposing its own vision of life on the world, so that a cocktail party on Park Avenue need no longer be entirely mysterious to an Eskimo. However, while the cocktail party has gone far beyond life in gaiety and magnificence since people can be taught to accept almost anything visually, it has been necessary to scale it down almost to imbecility in behavior since nobody can be expected to recognize a system of conduct or conversation that has its roots in a more elaborate background than his own. The result of all this is that very little seen or heard on the screen is precisely a picture of anything.

AS if these handicaps were not enough, a series of strict, external codes, governing their political and moral content, have been imposed on the films either by organized pressure groups or else by unorganized but highly vocal minorities with a taste for out-size fig leaves. This makes it impracticable to name political philosophies or explain what they stand for, to discuss religion in any terms conceivably startling to the inmates of a parochial school or a Baptist seminary, to speak disparagingly of any specific business, except perhaps dope-running or the white-slave trade, or to deal with sex in any way that might indicate that minor irregularities are not necessarily punishable by a lifetime of social ostracism and a lonely and untended grave. Hollywood, of course, did not frame these rules, but its own earlier excesses of vulgarity (not frankness or daring) were responsible for

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their existence in the first place, and it has not been noticeably heroic in combatting them up to now.

Given all these restrictions, whether imposed by financial considerations or the Hays (now Johnston) Office, it is inevitable that the moving pictures should be just what they are—an astounding parody of life devoted to a society in which anything is physically and materially possible, including perfect happiness, to a race of people who operate intellectually on the level of the New York *Daily News*, morally on that of Dayton, Tennessee, and politically and economically in a total vacuum. I know, of course, that there are a great many pictures, usually "sophisticated" comedies or glum dramas of the soil, that *seem* to exceed this definition. It is only an illusion, however, though often an extremely clever one. Close attention will inevitably prove that no rules have been broken, that no sinister worldling ever says anything that would be essentially surprising from your grandmother, that no doomed share-cropper ever really criticizes anything more specific than the climate.

HOW the conscientious reviewer writes about the so-called A pictures (those that cost more than a million dollars to produce) is a small but fascinating literary comedy. Aware that he is dealing with names that are household words from Newark to Bangkok, with minds that command up to five thousand dollars a week for their power and agility, and with budgets that rival the national debt, he gets an uneasy feeling that such massive vulgarity somehow requires massive treatment, though those are not perhaps quite the words he'd use. Pictures are good or bad to him, for he has his standards, but their quality, whatever it is, is on the grand scale, and his discussion of it takes on a very peculiar accent, enormous, educated, and fuzzy. He writes, you might say, rather the way Henry Wadsworth Longfellow used to look.

Generally speaking, however, he has space for only five or six hundred words and very little time to put them down. The result is that he has developed a very special vocabulary in which words come to transcend their exact and customary meanings — in which, in a sense, they are detached from the language and inflated like little balloons, and presently sent spinning, lovely, iridescent, and meaningless, into the wild, blue heaven of critical prose. "Luminous" is such a word. Coming from the typewriter of a skilful operator, it means that the performance given by a young woman who has probably gone through each scene from ten to twenty times with her director and still has only the

vaguest idea what it is all about is strong, beautiful, humorous, tragic, and lit with something of the same strange, ineluctable fire that once burned bright in Duse and Bernhardt. It means, that is, everything and nothing; it is both the non-word and the all-word. "Taut" is another and says, in reference to an actor's work, that he is somewhat greater than Booth or Salvini, and, in reference to a story, that it is high time for "Hamlet" to move over. There are a great many of these wonderful words — "haunting," "lyric," "brave," "tender," "compassionate," and, above all, "poignant" occur to me in passing—and they are invaluable in imparting such a cosmic air to a conversation that it is never quite apparent just what precisely is being discussed. The only trouble with all this, in fact, is that, habitually so used, these words can no longer be employed in their original and limited sense.

The reviewer is also remarkably talented in summarizing the complicated but fundamentally non-existent plots that come his way. These, too, he inflates to several times their natural size, colors with vague but impressive suggestions of other meanings than those that appear on the surface, and also sets adrift in space. In speaking, for instance, of a tornado that has apparently only a simple, melodramatic intent, he is apt to write, "There is, it seems to me, a profound and urgent ["urgent," by the way, is another favorite all-word] symbolism in the storm that carries away Miller's house and drowns his bed-ridden aunt." The symbolism is very seldom explained, but it is apt to delude everybody, including the writer, into believing that a subtle analogy has been offered, unerringly detected, and stylishly exposed.

In addition to complimenting the players and magnifying the plot, it is, of course, the reviewer's duty to go into the difficult matters of direction and photography. The first of these, since the mass mating of minds in any Hollywood picture makes it practically impossible for the layman to tell who did what, is usually conveniently dismissed by the use of a few all-words, or of phrases like "Mr. Desmond displayed great resource in his handling of nuclear mass," or "Mr. Drear's use of casual overtones is provocative, both of which I presume mean something or other, though not to me.

Photography, on the other hand, is something actually visible on the screen and it is a good deal harder to brush off since the writer is confronted with an insanely complicated, endlessly refined, and wickedly deceptive technical process about which it is reasonable to assume that he knows about as much as he does about the inner workings of a seismograph. He has picked up a few useful terms like "lap dissolve" and "pan take," but for the most part he is obliged to rely on his personal artistic judgment, which, logically enough, since he is not an art critic, is apt to be unformed. He is a great one for "correct" or "striking" compositions, those, that is, that most closely resemble the paintings on sale in department stores, and he is a perennial sucker for the studiously telling details—a dead and falling leaf, a face in a crowd, a hand slowly relaxed—that are all part of a sort of primitive emotional shorthand used by the films to trap the unwary. Since photography is the one thing that Hollywood handles with invariable competence, and often with considerable taste and ingenuity, it seems too bad that the reviewers are neither mechanically nor esthetically equipped to deal with it adequately.

ALL that I have written, of course, has probably passed through the mind of anyone who has given any appreciable thought to the cinema. It took me ten months of notable physical discomfort and mental confusion, however, before I really saw, in the terms set down here, the whole absurdity of what I was trying to do—to write, that is, for the information of my friends about something that was plainly designed for the entertainment of their cooks—and before I realized that I had no intention of ever doing it again. I once knew an educated and almost excessively cultivated man who really enjoyed reviewing the movies. He was, however, a special case, in that he was unfailingly amused in his wintry way by sex in what he was pleased to call its "contactual aspects," and the idea of an art form fundamentally based on the slow, relentless approach and final passionate collision of two enormous faces struck him as convulsing. He wrote about it all with a wonderful, maidenly distaste, and to the total bewilderment of the motion-picture industry, but he really had the time of his life. He was also a very valuable critic since, free from the terrible spell of Love, he saw a good deal that escaped his colleagues.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lincoln and His Two-Front War

LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT: Springfield to Gettysburg. By James Garfield Randall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. *2 vols. 737 pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE FORT MILTON

IT is seldom that a work of history contains the varied springs of satisfaction to be found in the first two volumes of Professor Randall's study of "Lincoln the President." Although its happy marriage of scholarship and art makes it easy as well as rewarding reading, students of politics, statecraft, and military science will find it a valuable school of experience where history teaches through examples. Although the volumes now under review end with the Gettysburg speech of November 19, 1863, their comprehensive and penetrating treatment of the growth under pressure of this poet, prophet, and politician who kept the Union whole, whet the appetite for the promised volumes on the triumph and tragedy of 1864-65.

The author's Indiana background, professional training, and pertinacious industry contributed to his equipment to treat the great subject he has essayed. Lincoln and the Civil War have gripped his interest for over a third of a century; since the publication in 1926 of "Constitutional Problems Under Lincoln," the importance of his work has been acknowledged; then "The Civil War and Reconstruction" broadened and deepened his reputation. The present works should be the capstone of his historical career.

Dr. Randall is to be commended for choosing great subjects to study and interpret. There is something about a big man, a great issue, that helps make its treatment more stimulating to author and reader alike. And Lincoln is one of the timeless men, like Leonardo or Jefferson or Napoleon, whose ideas and imaginations were big enough, whose abilities showed most notably in crisis, whose qualities and the defects thereof present different equations to every man who delves into the variables of their careers. Were it otherwise, this child of a Kentucky cabin would not have become the most storied of America's great. And it is well that he be constantly reinterpreted to us, because one of history's obligations is constantly to reinterpret the past in terms of the present, by mirroring ourselves back into the life of a distant day.

In the best of senses, this is an objective study. As a professional historian, Dr. Randall insists that its demanding technical standards be not slighted, and tries to tie every statement he makes to reality. This he does not merely by citing the authority for a statement, but by testing to see whether it stands up foursquare, folds up in part, or proves in no sense worthy of use. Again and again these pages conduct the reader into Dr. Randall's workshop and show his technique of examining a bit of proffered evidence and the reasons why he has used all, part, or none of it. He eschews the overworked word of the twenties, "debunking," and prefers to term it "restoration," because what he does is to cut away the myths, the false fronts added on by later generations, to excavate and clear away unhistorical material, in his effort to restore events and essential situations of the past. All the way along we find him doing this to the myths that swirl around Lincoln. Dr. Randall is a painstaking philosopher, not a poet.

This does not mean that he puts a column of facts on paper and then scrupulously refrains from adding them up and giving the sum of their intendment. He is one of those historians who does not hesitate to draw the moral from an episode, to characterize an act of his hero as shabby if he so deems it, or to break new ground to show the tragic consequences of a well-intentioned error of judgment. The treatment of McClellan by the President, the way the latter was defeated by the power-hungry radicals, the defense of morality and economic intelligence of Stephen A. Douglas in proposing popular sovereignty to solve the debate about slavery in the territories, all illustrate Randall's way of summing up.

Some students of the period will disagree with the lightness of his censure of President Buchanan, whom contemporaries called "Old Obliquity" and whose course in 1857-59 seemed to this reviewer to have paved the way to a split Democratic party, secession, and the war in its train. The author is right as to Buchanan's post-election correctness in many decisions, but he was the prisoner of his own past misdeeds. Randall's tributes to Douglas in Illinois politics, national Democratic efforts to check sectional rivalries and after Lincoln's induction as President, are generous and understanding of a great politician-patriot.

—*From* Leslie's Magazine *of Feb. 2, 1861.*
A Job for the New Cabinet Maker.

The analyses of Lincoln's relations with McClellan and the evils which flowed out of the inexperience of the commander-in-chief, Stanton's two-faced conduct of the War Department, the wild lust for power of the Republican radicals and their Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, make mournful reading.

I agree with him that the Confederacy's high point came in the late summer of 1862 before Antietam rather than in 1863 before Gettysburg, and that Lincoln's worst military blunder was bringing the Army of the Potomac back from Harrison's Landing on the James after the victory of Malvern Hill. Lee's remark after the war that McClellan was "by all odds" the ablest general opposing him cannot be explained away.

But "Little Mac" was so full of self-importance, so uncommunicative to his legal chief, so full of sulks and explanations, that it is not to be wondered that Lincoln found him hard to depend upon. But Lincoln did have the courage to turn to McClellan again after Pope's disasters. Lincoln's remark that "McClellan has the slows" is the key to that worthy's inability to make the proper use of his many qualities of military greatness.

Randall's contrast of the truth and the myth about Lincoln's emancipation of the slaves is a proper restoration. His efforts to persuade Border State delegations in Congress to get behind compensated emancipation were enlightened and earnest, but to no avail. His resort to the September proclamation was to harass uninvaded regions of Secessia, not to free persons in servitude in the border states or in Tennessee. Lincoln was dead against servile insurrection, and was not surprised at the slight effect of the proclamation on Confederate resistance. The author takes pains to point out that "the Southern slave was part of an all-enveloping system of society. He could not suddenly jump out of his skin or transport himself to a new order of existence."

Dr. Randall's most effective passages, I suspect, are those pointing out the viciousness of the radicals' ef-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forts to take over the complete control of the Federal Government. He termed them the "vindictives" and characterized their leaders as being "self-important, humorless, itching for power and scornful of ethical scruple." He points out how such men as Thad Stevens, Sumner, Ben Wade, Zach Chandler, and "Beast" Butler were unmerciful in their pressure on Lincoln, used intimidation on the slightest pretext, tried to dominate army command, wreck campaign plans, control the Cabinet, and throw Lincoln's restoration policy out the window in order to put through their own brand of rule-or-ruin reconstruction. They killed McClellan's chance to crush the Confederacy in 1862. They were after Lincoln's scalp, and only his clever footwork and some unexpected strokes of luck kept them from substituting the humorless Chase for Lincoln in the 1864 campaign. It was stark necessity which made Lincoln America's master politician. Otherwise he would have been crushed by the radical juggernaut.

By Way of Australopithecus

MEET YOUR ANCESTORS. A Biography of Primitive Man. By Roy Chapman Andrews. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 243 pp., plus index. $3.

Reviewed by EDWIN GRANT BURROWS

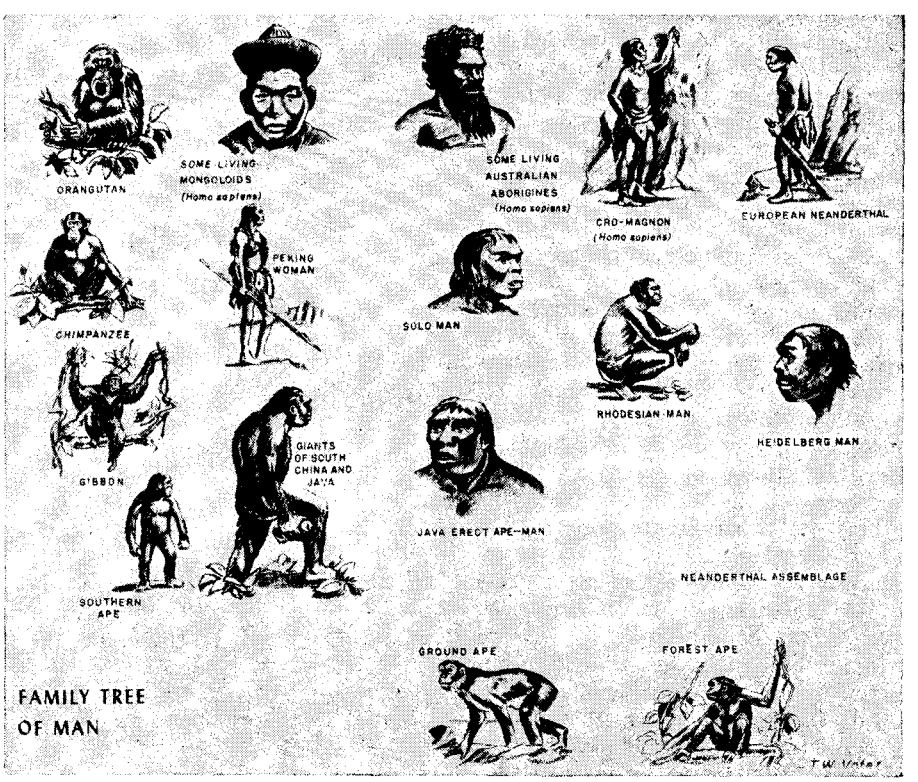
IN writing a summary of human evolution for general reading, Roy Chapman Andrews has followed a memorable precedent. Henry Fairfield Osborne was not only among Andrews's predecessors as director of the American Museum of Natural History, but did this same job for the last generation with his "Men of the Old Stone Age." Both were trained in zoölogy and, though not specialists on the human side, had the counsel of some of the best specialists of their time. And they share the ability, rare in any profession, to tell a story that steps out and keeps going.

Although the new book is only half the size of the old one, recent discoveries have given Andrews plenty of new tales to tell. His is the first account, in a general work, of the huge jaw from Java and even huger teeth from China which make it apparent that there really were giants in those days. And Peking man, one of the most notable finds of all, was discovered since Osborne wrote. Andrews is at his best in that story. He not only knows the site well, but has known all who played important parts in the discovery. Yet even when he retells the older stories, they sound like eyewitness accounts. In fact, this book stands out from others of its kind not so much for what it says about our remote ancestors—though that picture is well sketched in—but for what it tells of the adventure involved in finding what is left of them.

Among comparatively new-found types which have been placed on the ape side of the imaginary line, Andrews plays up one group—*Australopithecus,* the Southern Apes of Africa—as the "missing link." The old phrase may still have some thrill in it, and undoubtedly *Australopithecus* plugs a big gap in our knowledge. But "missing link" does not mean much any more, because the human pedigree has become too complex to be figured as a single chain. That other familiar figure, the family tree, works better. Some of the branches can now be pieced together quite nicely, while on others so many bits are still missing—not just one—that it is hard to tell where those already on hand fit in. Incidentally, the diagram of the human family tree by T. W. Voter which appears on the endpapers is not only the most up-to-date but perhaps the clearest of the many attempts of its kind. Little pictures of both living and extinct forms—the latter, of course, reconstructed with some help from imagination—give life to the diagram. Still, it is amusing to see such an early type as the Solo man of Java given a vaguely Oriental look, especially when he appears as an ancestor of the native Australian, who does not look to us at all Oriental. And there seems to be no nigger in this woodpile.

Franz Weidenreich, whose monographs on Peking man are already classics, contributed technical advice to this book. Andrews follows Weidenreich in some of the unconventional interpretations argued in "The Skull of Sinanthropus Pekinensis." Notably, he admits Neanderthal man as one of our direct ancestors. The discovery in Palestine of a range of types intermediate between Neanderthal and modern man has strengthened this view, as against the other one that modern man—ancestry unexplained—appeared in Europe ready-made and exterminated Neanderthal without interbreeding. Andrews thinks one reason for our reluctance to claim relationship with Neanderthal has been that early descriptions painted him as more brutish than he really was. Yet Andrews does not give these old-timers any beauty treatment. Indeed, he rather bears down on the evidence that several of them were cannibals.

Andrews is gentler than Weidenreich in handling England's pride, the Piltdown or dawn man. This type, if it is one, was reconstructed out of part of one very human skull-cap, one very apelike lower jaw, and a few odd teeth. Whatever else they may be, these have always been bones of contention. Weidenreich tears them apart remorselessly, saying they belong to at least three different kinds of creature. He concludes: "The sooner the chimaera 'Eoanthropus' is erased from the list of human fossils,



—From the endpapers of the book.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the better for science." Andrews, though he refers to this view, also leaves room for hope that there may have been such a creature as Piltdown man after all.

One or two careless phrases may make the fastidious wince. The Cro-Magnon of Aurignacian men are said to be "inherently hunters." After all we have been through, with a master-race across one ocean and descendants of the gods across the other, even a hint that skills and aptitudes may be inherited is hard to take. Again, these same people, by painting pictures on the walls of the caves they lived in, are said to have been the first to show "other than physical instincts." The more you stare at that phrase, the less it means.

To return to a comparison of books on this subject that have come from the American Museum of Natural History, it seems a little strange at first that this one, though not officially a publication of the museum, should follow at so short an interval—less than two years—"Mankind So Far," by William Howells, Volume V in the American Museum Science Series. The two cover the same general subject. Both are aimed at a general audience, both are entertainingly written. Both suffer from a scarcity of pictures due to wartime shortages. Pictures tell a great deal about this subject, and the abundance of them is one of the abiding charms of "Men of the Old Stone Age." What pictures there are in both new books are well chosen. The most conspicuous differences between Howells's account and this one by Andrews are that "Mankind So Far" is somewhat longer and more systematic, and includes a discussion of living races; while Andrews gets in the giant jaw from Java and teeth from China, which Howells just missed.

This last chapter, suggested in part by Harry Shapiro of the American Museum, draws a picture of future human physique based on the assumption that the lines along which we have evolved so far will be continued. This would turn our descendants into baby-faced creatures with huge bald domes, fewer teeth, and those of poorer quality, shorter bodies, and longer legs. We might not consider them good-looking; but then, they would probably think no better of us. Of course this prospect shares the risk of all extrapolations, that almost anything might happen to make the future course of events swerve from that of the past. For one thing—and Andrews concludes with the thought which is haunting most of us these days—we may blow each other to bits, leaving no descendants at all to piece the remains together.

The Shape of a Human Face

FOCUS. By Arthur Miller. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1945. 217 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

FROM Arthur Miller's first novel the specter of rising anti-Semitism in American cities glares out at the reader like a wild beast in a cage. It is a terrifying book because the author is sincere and eloquently dramatic, and because its background is a humble block of identical neat houses and the protagonist is a timid, negative man, frightened of everything, his job, women, his own thoughts, and especially of the racial tensions he is daily aware of everywhere he goes.

"It would appear that Arthur Miller knows what he is talking about and that he feels our danger deeply."

A Jewish family buys the little house on the corner and sets up a typical news and stationery store in this solidly anti-Semitic neighborhood. It is sufficient to set in motion the corroding spirit of intolerance until finally the beast is freed from his cage and stalks the street at night waiting for the moment to slay. "Focus" is given a nightmarish quality because it deals with thoughts and motives and with fear itself rather than with action, though when anger and hate override fear, there is enough violence and bloodshed for any reader. The dreadful dilemma that Mr. Newman finds himself in is that the older he becomes the more he begins to look like a Jew. His jutting Anglo-Saxon nose and restless eyes might belong to a familiar type of German Jew, and his real name, his neighbors suspect, might be Neumann. Against his own will he is finally compelled to wear glasses, though he knows that it will increase his resemblance to the accursed race. Suddenly, his safe world is taken away from him, and he begins to live with terror always at his elbow. Everywhere he seems to meet the withdrawn look, the blank or contemptuous countenance. He loses his job, finds another with a Jewish firm, and marries a woman who has lied about her past and who might be a Jewess, as he might be a Jew, a woman who has seen in California an outbreak of anti-Semitism that has convinced her that it will become a tidal wave overwhelming all America. In his small way, Mr. Newman redeems himself at the end and fights the enemy one night back to back with Mr. Finklestein on the corner, armed with baseball bats.

The significance of Mr. Miller's novel is that he has taken a familiar theme, a kind of bogeyman fear that has been melodramatically thrust in our faces ever since Hitler came into power, and he has made this theme real and comprehensible to his readers. He has accomplished this without resort to the usual machinery of plots and spies and international hocus-pocus. He has reduced it to one block on a city street, to a fight to the death of two men, a courageous Jew and a Christian who is finally willing to call himself a Jew, against the malignant spite and hatred of all their neighbors.

How true to fact the novel is the reader does not know, or whether the nightmare has become or can become reality. But the author's sincerity is evidence that it exists in America, that it is to be feared, and that it must be stopped. It would appear that Arthur Miller knows what he is talking about and that he feels our danger deeply. At the end he writes: "He longed deeply for a swift charge of lightning that would with fiery stroke break away the categories of people and change them so that it would not be important to them what tribe they sprang from. It must not be important any more, he swore, even though in his life it had been of highest importance." The author has a right to his convictions. Before he wrote plays, radio dramas, and a war documentary book, he worked at many jobs, from waiter to shipfitter, and so came into contact with many types and races of men, and with their prejudices and hatreds, in an American city. He must be convinced or he could not have written: "They were going mad. People were in asylums for being afraid that the sky would fall, and here were millions walking around as insane as anyone could be who feared the shape of a human face."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Musings of a Troubled Soul

THE UNQUIET GRAVE. By Cyril Connelly. New York Harper & Bros. 1945. 147 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

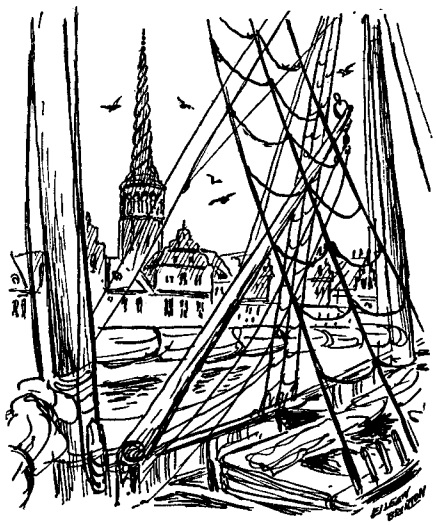
ONE American has complained about this book that its author "snobbishly" leaves French quotations in the original French. Some of the other objections to Cyril Connelly's original and highly personal and distinguished meditation are equally taken. The book, for example, has been accused of arrogance and self-pity. The arrogance consists in the author's saying without reservation what his judgments are, and the alleged self-pity manifests itself, it would seem, in the frank recognition by a middleaged writer that he is not what he thought he might become, that he like many others, measured by serious standards of literature, has puttered away his days on the second-rate and the pointless.

This book will be caviare to the general, not because it is pretentious or esoteric, but because it is a very special genre almost unknown in contemporary *published* writing. There must be many private records and notebooks that resemble Mr. Connelly's spiritual record of a year in his own life. Jottings, half-autobiographical, half-analytic, notations on authors read, on spiritual themes current. The whole is bound together by an overall theme, represented by the title, "The Unquiet Grave," the restless tomb being that of Palinurus, Aeneas's pilot, who fell into the sea, or possibly jumped into it. The sea is the "unquiet grave" of a skilled pilot who for some obscure reason did not bring his ship to shore.

That is what, Mr. Connelly thinks, happens to many sensitive, gifted persons. Some obscure block prevents the flow of their creative energy. Success is despised and failure turns out to be bitter.

The tone of this uneasy sense of defeat and dispraise, of what most men call success, runs through the book. The book consists, along these lines, "of the doubts and reflections of a year, a word cycle in three or four rhythms, art, love, nature and religion."

In the middle of the road of life, Mr. Connelly, thinking of himself, apparently, as Palinurus, begins by saying that the only serious business, the only proper business, of a writer is to try to make a masterpiece. Writers are distracted by radio, by journalism, and by incidental pleasures. The book is obviously a musing meditation on some of these obstacles to doing the first-rate, or at least trying to do it. Mr. Connelly at moments speaks of sex with the bitterness of St. Paul, or the disillusion of Lucretius. He speaks of certain fashionable themes in art and literature, *e.g.*, surrealism, as "big city" diseases. He is scornful of the irrelevance of traditional liberalism. Obviously these pages are written by a man who has known and been blown about by all the current winds of doc-



trine and all of the familiar seductions of carnal and social life. In turn he distrusts earthliness, asceticism, conventionality in literature and modishness in it. He wants to find some certain path to return to the magical spring whence masterpieces flow.

The book is not very well organized. Whose private thoughts are? It is not by any means *always* original, and Mr. Connelly interrupts himself constantly to quote from Pascal, from Sainte-Beuve, from DeQuincy, from Voltaire, Chamfort, Buffon, T. S. Eliot. There are references, though oddly enough never explicitly by name, to Kierkegard. There is throughout the haunting of the writer by the artist's conscience, and the awful anxiety that life is meaningless unless one retrieves it by a masterpiece. There are scattered vignettes, very clean-cut and vivid, of Paris, the Riviera, and of privileged moments of felicity in even wartime England. There are blasts against the total state and total war. There are sighs on the state of being fat (the author's cross), and a longing reflection on the delights of opium.

It is a strange, troubled book, full of—the author uses the word often and always capitalizes it—Anxiety. But it is a book, too, containing patches of true spiritual sunlight, and a fine sense of what the artist, living on a serious plane and on a high level, is really concerned with. Any reader and certainly any writer will overhear in this book accents of his own at one time or another lonely, troubled, and self-accusing heart. In some ways this book suggests a latterday Amiel, a new kind of Puritan, whose conscience is in art, and whose Bibles are Flaubert and Sainte-Beuve. One may grow a little impatient both with the Anxiety and the Art in the book. But one cannot help being grateful for a book that so obviously has a personality revealed in it, a civilized one with a genuine love of the best and a blessed sense of style.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

COLOR COMBINATIONS

Each of the familiar quotations below features a pair of colors. Can you fill in the blank spaces with the proper colors? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 55.

1. Their heads are ..... and their hands are .....
   And they went to sea in a sieve.
2. The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold
   And his cohorts were gleaming with ..... and .....
3. And with a ..... and ..... melancholy
   She sat like patience on a monument.
4. He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
   A coat of the ..... velvet, and breeches of ..... doe-skin.
5. And ..... and ..... his sharp eyes twinkled,
   Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled.
6. 'Er petticoat was ..... and 'er little cap was .....
   And 'er name was Supiyawlat.
7. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause
   And bide by the ..... and the ..... .
8. My dress is richly figured and the train
   Makes a ..... and ..... stain on the ground.
9. It's September and the orchards are afire with ..... and ..... .
10. My dust would hear her and beat, had I lain for a century dead,
    Would start and tremble under her feet, and blossom in ..... and ..... .

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Storm Center of Victorian Days

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. By Charles Frederick Harrold. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 377 *pp.* $3.50.

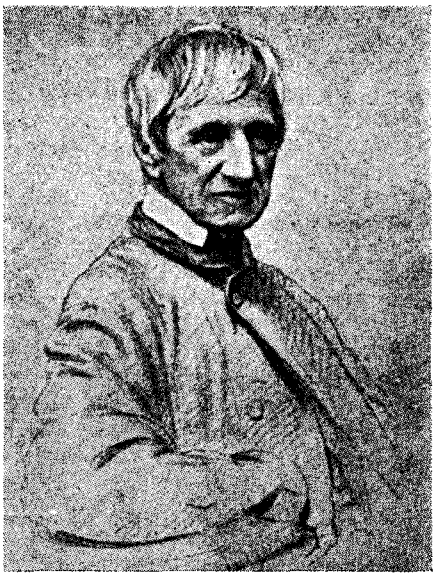
Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN is an interesting figure at any time. If you need a special reason to think about him today, you will recall that this is the one hundredth anniversary of his conversion to Roman Catholicism. That conversion brought to a climax the Oxford Movement, which stirred the minds and faith of thousands of Englishmen a century ago. It may be that there is a better reason for re-evaluating Cardinal Newman today. The growing respect for Soren Kierkegaard and for Karl Barth might indicate that many religious-minded individuals are still seeking the transcendent. In any group whose thoughts on religion deserve a hearing, Newman should be given a place. Even those who are not particularly religious-minded have found in him a fascination, echoed in the much abused phrase "the mystery of Newman."

This is not Professor Harrold's first book on the subject. His "A Newman Treasury" was a first-rate introduction. In fact, a reader not familiar with the Cardinal would do well to browse through that volume before picking up the new one. The latter is definitely not a primer on its topic. Nor is it a biography in the conventional sense, although it does include a brief summary of the major events of Newman's life. The subtitle "An Expository and Critical Study of His Mind, Thought and Art" gives the best clue to what this book really is. It is a skilful, scholarly job, from now on a major and essential item in any bibliography of the serious studies of Newman, or, for that matter, of any phase of nineteenth-century social and literary history. It may be read in whole or in part, depending on the particular facet of Newman's mind in which the student or general reader is interested. And in passing there are bits of background material to attract almost anybody exploring nineteenth-century literature and thought. For example, the passion for reading sermons which marked that period is an eyebrow-raiser which is treated briefly in connection with the author's analysis of Newman as a preacher. It is a relatively unimportant topic, but it is typical of the amazing variety of miscellaneous information found throughout the book.

Ardent Newmanites will wish there were more of Cardinal Manning, whose clash of personality with Newman afforded Lytton Strachey and others a perfect chance for psychological biography. Dr. Harrold denies from the beginning any wish to psychoanalyze his subject, and thus avoids the pat concepts which have disfigured too many studies. His dispassionate and complete analysis of the correspondence leads naturally to the conclusion that Charles Kingsley was a narrow bigot on the lowest levels of No Popery. But Manning and Kingsley, like Gladstone, belong to the generally known controversial parts of Newman's life and writings. With them the author is only incidentally concerned. Harrold's primary object is to "understand Newman as a man and as a writer and religious thinker." He observes an intelligent neutrality on controversial issues and plays the critic only in dealing with Newman's literary method.

In doing this he has steeped himself in the vast literature of his topic. Footnote and reference give testimony to the care with which even the minutiae have been examined. Besides scholarly labor and exactitude, Professor Harrold has brought a rare understanding to his work, with the result that we have here a critique far more successful than the usual academic product of its kind. Newman's theory of doctrinal development may or may not have presaged Darwin's somewhat analogous notions of biological phenomena. In any event, a difficult subject to make clear today, it is handled here with the intelligence and clarity it deserves. Similarly Newman's love of dogma and his suspicion of the economic liberalism of his day have too often been interpreted as indifference to the need for social and economic reform. Actually his Tory conservatism belongs with that of Coleridge and those who feared the cheapening of individual welfare and the religiously indifferent materialism



Cardinal Newman "by virtue of the seminal qualities of his mind and faith, belongs to all religions and to all thinking people."

to which an unchecked utilitarianism might lead—a fear, by the way, not unlike that expressed by de Tocqueville.

Now when education is being discussed for all it is worth, Newman's thoughts on that subject are particularly pertinent. His "Idea of a University" has become a great quarry of quotable phrases. It would be well for many of us to reread it. After perusing the analysis of it included in Harrold's work, many of us will want to.

All in all, Dr. Harrold has given us a timely, authoritative, and readable study of a figure in whom there is likely to be a growing interest. Though one of the great apologists of Catholicism, Newman, by virtue of the seminal qualities of his mind and faith, belongs to all religions and to all thinking people. One must be grateful to the author for providing a useful and brilliant commentary which will keep him in context.

This Island Without Sea

By Betty Barber Barre

NOW slowly rises from the village green
This island without sea, the loneliness
Encircled by the "I,"
And people on the green will fade away
On feet escaping quietly through grass
Beyond the smothered sigh.

Nor touching mouth with wistful fingertips
Permits you fellowship—retreating steps
Will leave within the eyes
The singular requirement of tears,
And through their blur, diffusing what is real,
The island edges rise.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unadulterated Purity

THE FRIENDLY PERSUASION. By Jessamyn West. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 214 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE Birdwells are a family of Irish Quakers settled on the banks of the Muscatatuck, in Pennsylvania. Time: the Civil War. About their lives and times Miss West has written a series of about thirteen sketches. They have all the virtues that such a series, well written, may possess, and all the limitations. To take the limitations first, the effect of the book is episodic rather than cumulative. Inside of a novel the Birdwells might have been perceived in the process of growth. Their fortunes might have risen to one or more high points of illumination, and the interplay of their own history and the history of their country at just that critical time, might have given the book a strong dramatic thrust—the sort of thrust it does not possess. Because, for all the charm and evocative tenderness that flow through these stories, they seem none the less to be enacted inside a vacuum. There is mention of Chief Justice Taney, for a landmark, and there is one of the longest of the stories devoted to the coming of Morgan's Confederate raiders, and yet the sense of time and history is not upon the book.

The Birdwells are poised fabulously in the midst of space. We know each of them: Jess and Eliza, their sons Josh, Jess, and Labe, their daughter Mattie. We know their clapboard house and their fruit trees, their wagon, their geese. But from this focus, gently misted as the cameraman sometimes screens a lens for soft outline, the rest of the scene blurs as the eye moves outward. We see other figures, hear sounds, but they are neither sharp nor recognizable. This is legend instead of local color. It might be Delaware or Ohio; it might be 1910 or 1800. And, as is generally true of such tales in series, they multiply detail without adding meaning. Each tale, separately, illustrates the nature of the Birdwells, and their Quaker spirit, but we learn no more by reading a half, dozen of them, and we are perhaps in some danger of having the initial understanding dulled by repetition. It is in such ways that episodes, individually excellent, suffer by being crowded between covers.

They offer rewards too, once we yield to their blandishments, and this is easy enough. Miss West wields a prose of most friendly persuasion. It is as soft and musical as the speech of her Quakers, as sensitive to every manifestation of nature as they, and as ardent in pursuit of the moral verities. If we do not get any definitive sense of the world outside them we do get something at least as precious, an intimate knowledge of their inner life. When Jess Birdwell wrestles with his love for secular music, when little Mattie finds a buried leaf and reacts in adolescent consternation to the full impact of spring, when Josh and Labe discover they have shivareed a bachelor, when Eliza, who is a lady preacher, must speak in court as her own attorney, and when Jess and Eliza hold restrained colloquy upon their memories of courtship—these are by-ways into their hearts. While the tales are slight, as these matters mentioned above will suggest (they cast light upon a brief incident and are over), each of them permits Miss West the full expression of her central theme, the lovely, gentle, ethical essence of the American Quaker. The mood is nostalgic, primitive, like a dream of vanished innocence.

There are some turns of phrase to delight the ear, in every story, from the fresh sensuous perception of "the sun, setting, lay like butter on the new green leaves" to the sly wit of this: "The best training for a woman, he figured, was to put her early in the pulpit. It didn't cut down any on her flow of talk, but it bettered it, and relieved the pressure." Better than these are the many passages of simple loftiness, an uninhibited coming to grips with the emotion of idealism.

> "The mind," said Eliza, puzzled, to her husband, "the live mind can *hardly take in the idea of death.*"
> "No need," Jess said. "No need. It ain't in nature."
> "We ought to prepare."
> "This is preparing," he answered, *lifting his face to the sky.*

I would rest the case for the book on this, that it never loses its sure feeling for these people and their unadulterated purity of heart.

Memoranda on Childhood

THE DOOR OPENS. By Ernst Lothar. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1945. 188 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THE Austrian Ernst Lothar has published in this country half a dozen romantic-psychological novels written in the best manner of that Young Vienna School of poets, essayists, and feuilletonists whose spiritual fathers were Theodor Herzl, Arthur Schnitzler, and Felix Salten—*The New Yorker* spoke of that group recently as the "Austrian whipped-cream-with-coffee-school," perhaps because these Viennese looked upon this world with a somewhat sweet sentimentality and described it with richness of feeling and expression.

One of the best of Ernst Lothar's half-realistic novels was "The Angel with the Trumpets," the colorful story of a Viennese middle-class family, with its charming background of Hapsburg Vienna. In "The Door Opens" it is the after-Hapsburg Vienna which gives most of the charm to this heart-warming little book of childhood stories about the author's daughters Agathe and Hanni. Mr. Lothar says in the foreword: "How the door into the world opened to them, and I believe, to many other children, that's all this little memorandum book of first steps on the road was meant to be." But some of the stories Mr. Lothar tells us, the children's first theater party, their first dancing lesson, the death of Hans, the canary, the children's new hair-do, their first Communion—these stories are all a bit on the sweet side, an idyll of a growing up too happy to be typical or remarkable: the children's emotional experiences are few.

Childhood to Agathe and Hanni as to the children of most wealthy Viennese families, was a wholly simple and lighthearted matter because the children lived in a secluded world of plenty and peace and incredible brightness while only a few blocks away poverty and unemployment were threatening many more Viennese children, the boys and girls of Vienna's middle-class families and workers. In this sense these stores are of historical interest.

To sum it up: "The Door Opens" is a delicate book, told with humor and humanness, but it cannot make claims as literature. It is an intimate book which will be enjoyed by parents though it comes from a world which has ceased to exist, and it is too sketchy and light to be compared with the author's more serious works.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strictly Personal

THE TWO-BILLION-DOLLAR MUTATION

HE had given every appearance of being an amiable, mild-mannered gentleman when he took the Pullman chair in front of me. He had apologized for disturbing my luggage, offered me a copy of the *Yale Review*, and then settled down to read a book about the obsolescence of modern man. I was, therefore, not a little startled when he suddenly whirled his chair around, slapped the book down with a bang, and addressed me in no uncertain tones.

"Just look at this title," he blurted out, belligerently. "Where does the author get off insinuating such things about me?"

It happened that I had read the book.

"Well," I answered, with a smile, "I guess being obsolete is measured by the ability to produce, not merely a world government, but a mutation in human nature."

He was quite unabashed.

"You can't have the former without the latter," he said. "Any world government imposed on the present type of human beings would break up in civil war within twenty years. And why is it so fantastic to talk of producing a mutation? Give me two billion dollars and the same freedom of action as the atomic scientists and I'll come close to producing one myself."

"Really!" I replied. "Now, there is an assertion I'd like to hear more about. Just how would you go about it?"

"I can't offhand give you an engineering blueprint, but I'll give you the general idea. First, however, let me be clear that you understand my assumption of freedom of action."

"I think I do, but expand the thought if you have any doubt."

"I will. Very few people realize that the social scientist labors under handicaps that haven't been imposed on the physical scientist for hundreds of years, probably not since Galileo. That's probably the reason physical science has outdistanced the social sciences. The physicist can make any assumption he wants, and his fellow scientists, while they may think him a little crazy, will let him go ahead and work out his theory and put it to test. All young physicists were once taught that mass couldn't be increased or decreased, but when someone tried out the proposition that it could be, they didn't stone him as a heretic; hence they learned he was right. They also learned how to make atomic bombs.

"But when the social scientist puts forward any comparably radical assumption he runs smack into the virulent opposition of the priesthood. And I don't mean just the priesthood of the church, although I don't omit them. I mean the priests of science, of law, of economics, of social custom, of capitalism and Communism. In all of these fields the men at the top are subject to what Whitehead calls 'the dogmatic fallacy'; they are sure they have reached the limit of human wisdom or at least that they can lay down the only roads—the *only* ones, mind you—by which progress can be made. So long as you stick to the roads of experiment prescribed by the priests, you can be sure of their commendation. When anyone tries to use a different road, they hunt him down in a wolfpack. Consider the choleric rage which was engendered when women asked for the vote. No, sir, all the priests aren't in the church, although the churchmen are no sweetness-and-light adversaries either. Einstein could say with impunity that the next development in physics might require adding a fourth dimension. Just try saying that the next development of the human soul requires adding a fourth member to the Holy Trinity and see what impunity you get."

I laughed. "All right, I think I understand what you mean by freedom of action. I'll bear it in mind and assume you have it, plus the two billion dollars. How would you proceed?"

"I'm not sure you do understand," he said, regarding me a little doubtfully. "I suspect you have some bad prejudicial blocks yourself. But I'll try you out.

"I'd start," he continued, "by trying to state the problem clearly. What is the question? Just this. How can we change human nature sufficiently to stop people from wanting to throw lethal weapons at each other? Having made that clear, you next ask, what makes people want to throw them? Primarily, four things—fear, hatred, cruelty, and covetousness. So the problem is how to eradicate those four things."

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "It seems to me that all of those emotions play an important part in man's survival. Children without fear would all get themselves killed by fire or falling off cliffs, a hatred of filth is necessary to forestall disease—"

"Conceded," he answered. "I see you're a purist; probably a lawyer. Let me try to restate the proposition with so-called legal exactness, but without legal obfuscation. The dangerous emotions are fear of other people, hatred of other people, cruelty to other people, covetousness of other people's goods. The problem is how to tone down those emotions to a point where they won't impel men to throw atomic bombs at each other. Is that exact enough?"

"I'll take it," I replied, "although I might interject the remark here that the Buddhist, Mohammedan, and Christian religions have been trying to do

"Never mind my past . . . what's cookin' in the future?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just that for some fairly large number of centuries."

"Indeed they have. And despite the fact that they have been conspicuously unsuccessful, each one still thinks it has a patent on the only way to do it. One of the first things my project would have to do would be to convince organized religion that it could stand a little help."

"I can't argue with you there," I said. "Let's go back to your project. How would you set about the subject of fear, for example?"

"All right. Fear is as good as any. But, mind you, all I can do now is give you the type of experiment I'd want to try. Again I'd begin by asking, what is fear? All we can really say is that it is a something which produces what we call an emotional effect in human beings and also produces certain physical effects—a chill down the spine, a sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach, trembling of the knees. We also know it is something people can master. Children are afraid of the dark; adults, at least some of them, aren't. How do they get over it?"

"How do they?" I asked.

"I don't know, and you don't know. But there is no reason to believe that with proper research and investigation you can't find out. What's more, you might find a *method* of cure applicable to all kinds of fears. But let's take an entirely different tack. Let's make the assumption that if you could stop the chill, the sinking feeling, and the tremor, the fear would either disappear or at least come under control. Following that line, you would then proceed to investigate the possibility of controlling the physical reactions."

"That seems ridiculous to me," I answered. "Those are involuntary reactions, like the circulation of the blood."

"What do you mean by 'involuntary'?" he snapped back. "All you know is that your blood circulates without conscious thought on your part. Maybe part of your subconscious mind is continually directing it. And if you learned how to bring that subconscious mind to the surface when you chose to, maybe you could affect the circulation. As a matter of fact, a friend of mine swears he met a Hindu who could do that very thing. He could hold his arm out and draw the blood away from it so that it grew pale before your eyes. What's more, there are men all over the world who assert they can do tricks with what we call involuntary reactions. Forget the Yogi who sleep on spikes, if you want to. What about the hypnotist who can push needles into the arm of a subject and draw no blood? I told you that you had some prejudice blocks. Just because you and your friends can't do these things, you're clear no one can do them. Well, they can."

"Well, maybe they can," I said, a little at a loss for an answer. "But I don't believe everyone could learn how."

"That's just pushing your prejudice back one row," he said, coldly.

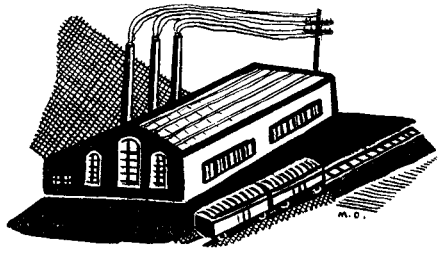
"Even if they could," I said, beginning to get irritated, "there is no proof that it would eliminate or lessen fear."

"I'm really surprised at you now," he said, almost gently. "What proof is there of anything until you've tried it and seen whether it works? What proof was there forty years ago when Einstein asserted that the universe was made up of a 'something' which could be either energy or mass, and that energy could be turned into mass and vice versa? And suppose everyone had said, well, what of it, suppose you do find out it's true, you don't know whether it will produce any effect. The road to progress is by assumption, experiment, and investigation of the results. That's just as true of the nature of man as it is of the physical world."

"I'll be honest and concede that," I replied. "Yet something in me balks at believing that your experiments could possibly produce any change in human nature, although I admit I'm perfectly ready to believe that the physical scientist can accomplish almost anything he sets out to do."

"That's a very common complex," he replied, "and it is one that my project would have to break down. I think I would go about it something like this:

"I would try to make people understand why they had developed such faith in the physical scientist. It is due, I believe, to the power of prediction. You were told, for example, that when you applied a certain amount of heat to water of a certain temperature, it would always boil. Not sometimes, mind you, nor even usually, but *always*. And so far as could be ascertained, it always was true. That gave the physicist an enormous edge over everyone else. The priest could tell you that if you prayed you'd feel better, and sometimes, perhaps generally, you did, but not always. Even the medical scientist couldn't assure you that his medicine would always make you feel better, or even that certain food and drink would always make you ill.



(Parenthetically you might note that he could assure you certain poisons would always kill you, and people don't take any chances of tossing a little cyanide into a drink the way they might risk a dash of absinthe.) The economists and the sociologists had the worst records of all when it came to prediction and proof. So we all gravitated into an unbelievable respect for those things which could be 'scientificially proved,' meaning, really, predictions which *always* worked out.

"Now the interesting thing is that today the physicist takes the position that only a few and relatively unimportant things follow a certain law of cause and effect. In the really important fields he only purports to predict 'a statistical average.' He's something like a life insurance actuary, who can't tell you whether you will live to seventy, but can come uncannily close to predicting how many men of your age, in reasonable health, will live to that age.

"That brings us to the really important point. As soon as people realize that the important rules for mankind are not those whose effect on every individual can be predicted, but those whose *average effect* on a mass of people can be predicted, then you are going to see a change in assumption and experimentation in the social sciences. You balk at any investigation of Yoga which might lead to the control of fear, because you *feel* that whatever was found couldn't work for you. When you realize that is unimportant, that the question is what will the average result be, you may cease to balk."

I considered for a moment before answering.

"Maybe I would cease to balk, but I doubt it. I guess I do have pretty deeply-rooted prejudices. Have you any other lines of investigation in mind?"

"Oh, I could give you fifty," he replied cheerfully, "but I'm afraid they'd irritate you even more. For example, I'd like to have a study made of people who see visions. Most people today instinctively avoid the acquaintanceship or writings of anyone who asserts he has visions. They put such people down as a little cracked, and probably most of them are. Yet I can't help remembering that Buddha, Christ, Mohammed, Joseph Smith, and Joan of Arc all asserted that they had visions and thousands believed them. And somehow, today, when visions are so out of fashion, no one is creating a new religion which asserts the brotherhood of man; neither you nor I are likely to turn a wasteland into a prosperous modern state like Utah, nor to rescue a country in distress. Are we, perhaps, a little prejudiced about the visionaries?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"In spite of your defense of them, I'm afraid I am," I said, with a laugh. "Let's try another of your four evils. How would you deal with covetousness?"

"Now, there is the one real easy one. That is a simple matter of education, and could even be done by the incompetent, unimaginative educational methods we use today. Remember, the problem is to tone down covetousness of other people's goods to a point where you won't want to kill them to get them."

"I remember. I still don't see why it's so easy."

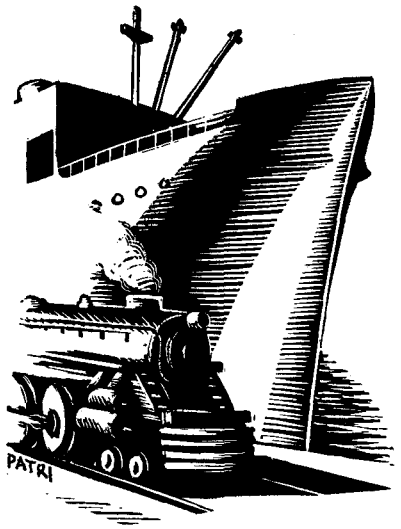
"In the first place, man has made a pretty good start on that. Almost all people in almost all countries are so sure that *within their own country* greed shouldn't be a justification for murder that they support and back up police forces and courts to prevent widespread murder. It is only the foreigner that can be killed for economic reasons. Incidentally, it's hard to get people to go out and kill even foreigners until you've whipped up their fear, hatred, and cruelty—problems on which my project would be working at the same time. Now with enough money you should be able to establish a world-wide information service (it would have to be world-wide) which could prove two things:

"First: that man can now, even without atomic energy, produce and exchange enough goods and services to give everyone *willing to work* a decent standard of living.

"Second: that as a ninety-nine per cent true rule, great wealth does not bring great happiness. Arnold Bennett has a wonderful passage on this. He says that in our confused and uncertain world only a few things are provable, but one that is certainly provable is the fact that a great deal of money does not bring a great deal of happiness. Yet the mass of individuals go on breaking their hearts and health to try to accumulate it. The reason is simple. People constantly threatened with complete insecurity naturally scramble and fight each other for the one thing that promises to remove the threat. Remove the threat by peaceful means, which can be done today, and the scramble will stop. And wars will cease to be fought for economic reasons."

"Of course, one little detail has to be added," I said, with a touch of sarcasm. "An economic system which produces *and exchanges* the goods and services."

"Look," he replied, "I'm talking about abating covetousness, not about an economic system. When people all over the world really understand that they can have a decent standard of living if they'll work for it, they'll begin



experimenting to get the system. You may have noticed a considerable amount of experimentation going on in Russia, Europe, and England right now. I'd be glad to give you my views on that some day, and they aren't Communistic or Socialistic, either. But I can't begin now; we're too close to my destination."

"I'm sorry," I said, "I should like to hear them."

"Just one more thing," he said. "Whether or not you believe I could produce a mutation, I'll give you two to one that I can prove modern man isn't obsolete."

"How?" I asked.

He stood up and began collecting his things, although the station was still some minutes away.

"When you say something is obsolete, you convey the impression that it was once of use, probably of great use, the best there was in its day. I'll admit that's not the strict dictionary definition, but it's the popular one. What I question is whether the human race has yet reached a stage of usefulness which would justify us in thinking of applying a rate of obsolescence to it.

"Just suppose," he went on, "that there were a God of the kind you and I were taught about in childhood, an old man who knew every one of your secret acts, thoughts, fantasies, and desires. Every one of them. And suppose you, or I, or any man we know, had to stand up before Him and make an argument to justify our right to survive. Do you know anyone that could make an argument which would sound like anything but sheer effrontery? I think we should look for a more useful type of beings before we obsolete them."

"That seems extraordinary pessimism from one who claims he could produce a mutation," I remarked.

"Nonsense. It's always easier to improve a bad thing than a good one. And I'm no pessimist. To me, the growth of the human race is like the growth of an individual. It is just reaching full manhood, just finishing the period where the development of full physical powers is a necessary, exciting part of growth. When we reach manhood, we begin to spend more time on the development of our mental and spiritual powers. That's why you'll see the mutation come, whether anyone gets a two billion fund or not."

The train was coming to a stop. He started for the door, then turned and picked up the book which had slid to the floor. He looked at it for an instant before he spoke again.

"But I'll admit that the mutation had better come pretty fast. Good-bye."

JOHN F. WHARTON.

Matin Sur le Balcon

By Erwin Warren Smith

ALL night the wind has rent these walls
And filled the street with anguished sound,
Struggling, as with reins of stone,
Like stallions in fury bound.

All night the guns have rent the air
Relentlessly with bursting fire;
And death has circled overhead
Filling our danger with desire.

And our own fury, none the less,
Has left its mark upon this night
Wherein we struggled in the dark
And ravished there our trembling fright.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Norman Cousins
Editor
Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman, Editorial Board
John T. Winterich, Managing Editor
Amy Loveman
William Rose Benét
John Mason Brown
Associate Editors
Bennett Cerf
Harrison Smith
Contributing Editors
Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President

Contents Copyrighted, 1945, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

AUSTRALIA

IT was a pleasure to present in the last number, and in this number of the *Review,* an intelligent and comprehensive survey of the vigorous literature of Australia, much of it so little known in the United States. Recently, the *Melbourne Argus* is said to have published a letter asking why an American should be included in some advisory cultural committee, since the United States had neither a culture nor a respectable system of education. This ignorant slander is in no sense representative of Australian opinion today, which is turning more and more to the United States with eager interest and a desire to learn from both our successes and our failures. It is, unfortunately, paralleled by the vacuum which, with most Americans, takes the place of knowledge about Australia.

What Australians are realizing, what we must realize, is that both countries are now neighbors in the great Pacific Basin, an area in which history is likely to be made in the twentieth century with the same rapidity and the same momentous results which, in the ninteenth century, made the Atlantic Basin the focus of the world.

But in the vital area of culture there is another relationship between Australia and the United States very significant for those who believe books are bullets in peace as well as in war. The greatest literature is international in its values, of course, but there is a value in a national literature, such as we have developed with pain and fumbling out of colonialism, which can scarcely be exaggerated. A new land, as ours was and still is, in many important aspects never fully understands itself, never is really understood by others, until it makes a culture, and particularly a literature, for itself. With space, it would be easy to demonstrate that until we self-interpreted ourselves in books, the West, the South, New England Puritanism, the way of life of our cities, were not clarified in the American imagination. Nor was the nation comprehended, when comprehended at all, abroad until we become articulate.

Of course, the same thing is true of Australia, with this difference, that the population is smaller, the stage of development nearer colonialism, and many of the circumstances of life on the same plane as ours but in different ways.

For example, two great million-population cities contain nearly a third of the population of Australia; which, in a continent as large as the United States, is much as if, say, 45,000,000 Americans were citizens of New York and Chicago. The rest of that vast country—sheep and cattle ranges, gold fields, rich sub-tropical lands of fruit and sugar and grain, interminable deserts with no water to irrigate them—has been an American West, already conquered where conquerable at all, by adventure, hardship, calamity, and sudden fortune. Australia has a literature like our literature of the conquest of the West. It has one of the great pioneering books in English, Tom Collins's "Such Is Life," to preserve for the imagination this background of a nation. But the city life, so like and yet so different from ours, is just becoming articulate in, for example, the novels of Eleanor Dark, and much good poetry. Here is a literature partly made, and partly in the making, which will result in Australia becoming as articulate and as understandable as is the United States to those willing to read.

We have in Australia a new and eager market for American books, and the Australians are good readers with, at least in the cities, excellent and numerous bookshops. And for very many of the kind of books now being written here the Australian audience is more sympathetic and more understanding than any to be found elsewhere abroad, even in England. Many a first-rate American book, successful here, but never much read abroad—for an example, Willa Cather's "O Pioneers"—would need no explaining to the Australian public. And many an Australian book, praised at home, but cramped in its distribution by the restrictions of population, will find a better reception, because a better understanding here, than elsewhere in the English-reading world.

At present, difficulties of exchange, of rights, of old colonial affiliations, and of wartime restrictions make this exchange difficult. An American publisher's committee has just visited Australia in the attempt to iron out these mechanical and economic difficulties. It is to be hoped that their efforts may be successful. For a visitor to Melbourne in 1945 would have quickly discovered two facts. There was what could only be described as a clamor for new American books. And equally significant, it was difficult to find more than a very few Australian books in Australian bookstores. The American soldiers had bought them all!

H. S.C.

In This Best of All Possible Worlds

By Ben Ray Redman

WHITE bones in the arroyo mark
The terminus ad quem
Of one who never liked the dark:
This ragweed diadem
Upon the picked and polished brow
Does not disturb the nose
Of him whose allergy is now
No menace to repose:
The desert's dryness sears a mouth
That, tongueless, does not feel
The awful agony of drouth
Which was its burning wheel.
And so at last is manifest
Dame Nature's loving care
For all her sons, the worst or best,
Who breathe her mortal air.

W. W. NORTON

THE sudden death of William Warder Norton on the night of November 7 was a severe shock to his innumerable friends in the publishing and literary world. One of the most charming and unassuming of men, Warder Norton's imprint on the books his firm had published since 1924 was like the sterling mark on silver. He proved in these days of mass production that a small and distinguished list that reflected the interests he had at heart—music, psychiatry, literature, public affairs—could be a profitable venture through the years. He knew a good book when he saw it, and he knew how to sell it for its solid worth to the public. He liked to use as his device, "books that live," and he himself lived in his books and in his friends. During the war years he helped to create, as its vital head and chairman, the Council of Books in Wartime, that invaluable channel through which American soldiers and sailors found the best of our literature available to them in whatever lands they lived and fought. He will live in the memory of his friends and associates and in the books which have and will in the future bear the distinguished imprint, W. W. Norton & Co.

H. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ladies Do, Too

SIR:

Why must a reviewer,
Be he fat or thin gent,
Perpetually skewer
A book as "astringent"?

G. J. HAMMOND.

St. Louis, Mo.

In Plain English

SIR: This is simply a footnote to Bennett Cerf's reference to "The Decameron" [*SRL,* Oct. 27], for the pleasure of the salaciously-minded who do not understand Italian, and for the delight of all lovers of good story and good style. In 1930 the Garden City Publishing Company put out a splendid edition of "The Decameron" in a fluently gay, grave, and altogether charming translation by Richard Aldington—and it is all in English, good, firm, calling-a-spade-a-goddam-shovel English, down to and including Alibech's method of putting the devil in hell.

VERA LIEBERT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Justice Qua Again

SIR: You printed in the issue of November 10 a letter from Laurence P. Dodge of Newburyport, Mass. That gentleman rakes me over the coals for my poem "Book-Ban," which was a comment on the "Strange Fruit" decision by the Massachusetts Supreme Court. His point is that Mr. Justice Qua, instead of writing down the book as obscene, actually delivered a dissenting opinion upholding the novel; that, accordingly, my "effort" (it was no effort at all, but came easily) has no point, and evidences a careless reading of the decision of the court.

My information came from *The New York Times* of September 18, which said in part: "In the seventeen-page *majority* opinion, written by Justice Stanley E. Qua, the court's *majority* said," etc.

Horrified by the thought that *The Times* might have erred, I examined the official report of the case at the Bar Association. It appears in the advance sheets of the last volume of Massachusetts reports, where Justice Qua, writing for the court, spreads himself on page 973 to 987 in declaring the book to be obscene. A dissenting opinion follows not by Justice Qua, who couldn't vote both pro and con, but by Justice Lumus.

May I suggest that you owe a duty to your authors to protect them from reckless attacks?

MELVILLE CANE.

New York City.

Fair Warning

SIR: We, of the Lynden Study Club, have often talked of the low moral tone of current fiction and have desired improvement along that line. Moreover, we feel that the general reading public of our country would welcome and accept fiction of higher moral caliber. So, individually, and as a group, we submit our reasons for this protest against modern fiction. In this current fiction we find:

1. American home life is not truly pictured, or typical.
2. To get the small kernel of real value and worth in a book, the reader must wade through page after page of profanity and obscenity.
3. The moral tone is such as to make these books unfit for a home library.

INA CAMPBELL,
Secretary, Lynden Study Club.

Lynden, Wash.

"I wanted to remind myself you had a phone call, but a string around my finger seemed so silly."

Attention, Rimmerites

SIR: I am engaged upon a life of the painter, sculptor, and anatomist, Dr. William Rimmer of Boston. I would be very grateful if anyone knowing of the existence of paintings, drawings, letters, or other material relative to Dr. Rimmer will communicate with me. He was active in Providence, New York, and Boston between 1860 and 1878.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN.

637 Madison Ave.,
New York City.

Yeats and Madame Blavatsky

SIR: In your issue of July 21, just received in India, Mr. Witter Bynner reviews "The Asian Legacy and American Life," edited by Arthur E. Christy. In the course of that review I regret to find an unjust reflection cast upon a noble and self-sacrificing woman, the value of whose work time is increasingly vindicating. Mr. Bynner remarks that Yeats "came early under the dubious spell of Madame Blavatsky and more or less remained there."

Yeats was certainly influenced, though less deeply and permanently than his friend and fellow-poet AE, by Madame Blavatsky's teachings, which furnished till the latter's death in 1935 the inspiration and sustaining power behind his many-sided activities. But that influence neither was "dubious" nor did it constitute in any sense a "spell."

Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky's influence upon many in her time and upon more today was and is great, but what has ever attracted her followers is the reformulation in her books, "Isis Unveiled," "The Secret Doctrine," and "The Key to Theosophy," of the ancient wisdom with its inherent reasonableness, and the inspiration to nobler living found in those works and in her exquisite translation, "The Voice of the Silence." These, and her own example of tireless, self-forgetful service, constitute no "spell," dubious or other, but have exerted for more than half a century an elevating influence upon the lives of thousands. It is not good to make oneself the echo of old cruel slanders long discredited against a woman who has done so much to interpret to the West the spiritual heritage of the East and to help mankind towards the ideal of universal brotherhood.

ELEANOR M. HOUGH.

Bombay, India.

To Offset Damaging Propaganda

SIR: Another fine *Saturday Review* article on the American Negro by H. A. Overstreet appeared almost simultaneously [*SRL,* Sept. 8] with the newspaper announcement that 500 war

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

veterans at Baxter General Hospital had asked for the impeachment of Senator Theodore G. Bilbo, Democrat, Mississippi, for "spreading and fostering racial and religious discrimination." During the past year other articles by Mr. Overstreet have been well-received by your readers. Such splendid articles can help offset the damaging propaganda disseminated by the anti-Negro league whose misguided leader seems to be Senator Bilbo for his remarks on the floor of Congress surely have filled every clear-thinking American with repulsion and disgust for the anti-minority groups of whom Senator Bilbo is typically representative. Is it possible that the past and future H. A. Overstreet articles can be sent to the Southern Senator in hopes of enlightening him and helping to untangle his twisted outlook on minority groups?

CLYDE R. BAIRD.

Great Falls, Mont.

Mr. Sugrue in Rebuttal

SIR: Deeply am I honored, stirred, and grateful, that in your issue of November 3 so great a space was given to a description of my labors, my prejudices, my errors, and the general misfortune of my state of consciousness; all of it by one who knows, who understands, who perceived clearly; a psychologist, a woman named Lee R. Steiner. So seldom is a book reviewer noticed at all, so traditionally does he inhabit the back streets of literature, that thus for me to be brought forth and horsewhipped is medicine for the whole sodden and wretched craft.

Moreover, since the mildness of reviewers is a matter for scorn—one man said that reviewers are so softhearted that they would find something to praise in pied type—for me to be whipped in public, lashed until my blood drips through the *SRL* like spring rain through an old leak, is indeed an achievement. Thank you, sir, and thank you, Mrs. Steiner.

I had a feeling that something good was going to happen to me last week. My psychiatrist said so. (He is an amateur astrologer.)

But, sir, since you have done so much for me, I should do something for you. Mrs. Steiner, while piercing me with rusty spikes, as a righteous woman should, reflected on your wisdom in assigning me to review her book, "Where Do People Take Their Troubles?" [*SRL*, Sept. 22]. I will refute the charge.

Mrs. Steiner says she spent twelve years investigating the subject matter she discusses in her book. I spent nineteen years doing the same thing, for another purpose. Mrs. Steiner, a psychologist, was in search of evidence for the support of her thesis that only psychologists trained in colleges are equipped to handle the multitudinous miseries of mankind. I was interested largely in the spiritual dilemma precipitated by the decline of religion and the advance of science; mysticism was my main preoccupation. Psychic phenomena, as an aspect of the transition of theology from a philosophical to a scientific basis, concerned me as it concerns anyone who regards life as a positive and hopeful enterprise. It contained everything from the dead wood of exorcism to the fresh kindling of psychokinesis; it held failure, confusion, deception, and promise. I approached it, as I did science, without expectation, and with what the late Charles Fort described as "temporary acceptance" of whatever was "proved."

Thus I was, Mrs. Steiner, equipped to review your book. I am, for instance, familiar with the names of most of the phonies, quacks, and gentle imposters mentioned in your book. In some cases I know more dirt about them than you dished out. I hold no brief for them; I never did. But neither do I hold any brief for psychology as a cure-all. No sensible person could. Psychiatry makes no such claim, and it is far better equipped than psychology to minister to the emotionally and mentally unfit. In the years since I studied psychology in college (oh, yes, I did, Madam!) it has changed itself as often as a chameleon in a kaleidescope; yet each time it believed it had the answer. Science, in our time, has been righteous, unable to do wrong. It has been like Caliban, staring into a mirror and seeing a reflection of the Archangel Michael. Then a bomb fell on Hiroshima and the mirror broke.

Yet it grieves me, dear lady, that you are injured by my opinion, bruised, and angry. Let one who is angry answer you, then. Hear Tiffany Thayer, secretary of the Fortean Society, editor of "Doubt": "The soul-withering horror that grips my bowels and makes me writhe in futile frenzy is the nefarious and noxious means by which the Glory of Modern Science and all its works is maintained." Now answer him, Mrs. Steiner, in the words of his master, Charles Fort: "Char me the trunk of a redwood tree. Give me pages of white chalk cliffs to write upon. Magnify me thousands of times, and replace my trifling immodesties with a titanic megalomania—then might I write largely enough for our subjects." So be it. Go to it.

But, Madam, a further word. I found one clairvoyant, in my searching, who was genuine and evidential. I checked him for fourteen years before I wrote about him. I found that he fitted into the line of somnambulists which began with De Puysegur's peasant boy, Victor. There were many, many who were like him. Their story is ably told in Carl DuPrel's two-volume study, "The Philosophy of Mysticism." My biography of Edgar Cayce, "There Is a River," was but a footnote to DuPrel. At several universities it is required reading for students in abnormal psychology; it has interested psychiatrists. Your impressions of it, Madam, are too absurd for me to discuss. On only one point does your astigmatism prompt me to reply. You mention certain people as being my heroes. They are not.

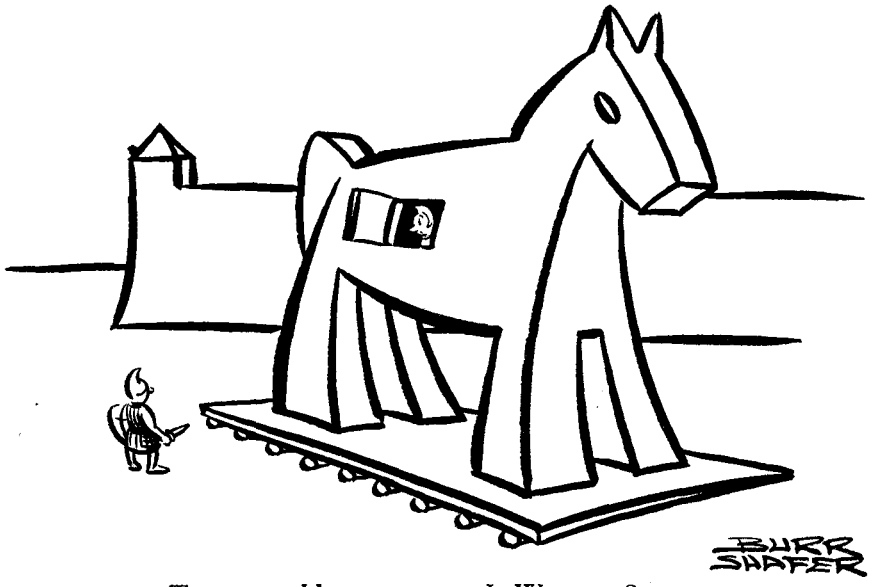
A man likes to pick his own heroes. They are important to him. I depend on mine a great deal. I think of them, meditate on them. They are the little Italian nun Francesca Cabrini, who brought saintliness to modern America, and showed that it is good business; William Blake, who followed God when his fellow Englishmen were following their noses; Meister Eckhart, who gave God to the people without a middleman and was posthumously condemned for it; Thomas Aquinas, who gave Europe a brain; John the Scot Erigena, who crystallized Christian mysticism; Plotinus, who inspired Augustine and saved mysticism for the West; Plato, Buddha, Lao-tze, Hypatia, Job, and the perfection toward which these were intended, Jesus of Nazareth. All of these had troubles, and they took them to the same place.

And that, Madam, is where I take mine.

THOMAS SUGRUE.

New York City.

P. S.: With regard to your challenge, Edgar Cayce died on January 3, 1945. He was not a faith healer.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"I said it's stuffy in here."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quentin Reynolds'

"GRAND ADVENTURE TALE"* OF AN AMAZING MAN

OFFICIALLY DEAD

The story of Commander C. D. Smith, skipper of a Yangtze River steamer, Shanghai harbor pilot, Captain of the U.S.S. WAKE and the prisoner the Japs could not hold

COLUMBUS DARWIN SMITH is the kind of man folk heroes are made of. Born in Georgia, he has been a seaman, a Yangtze River captain, and one of the exclusive group of fabulously-paid pilots in Shanghai harbor. He knows China and her people as do few other white men. This is the story of his spectacular escape from an "escape-proof" Japanese prison—an incredible flight against fantastic odds to safety 700 miles away.

For 49 days he and two others walked, crawled, and rode through the fields, streams, and rice-paddies of occupied China where friend and foe dressed, looked, and spoke alike. They had been reported killed by the enemy. Our records listed them as *officially dead.* Even his wife was not allowed to know that he was alive. Yet thousands of Chinese knew they were alive—and kept their secret.

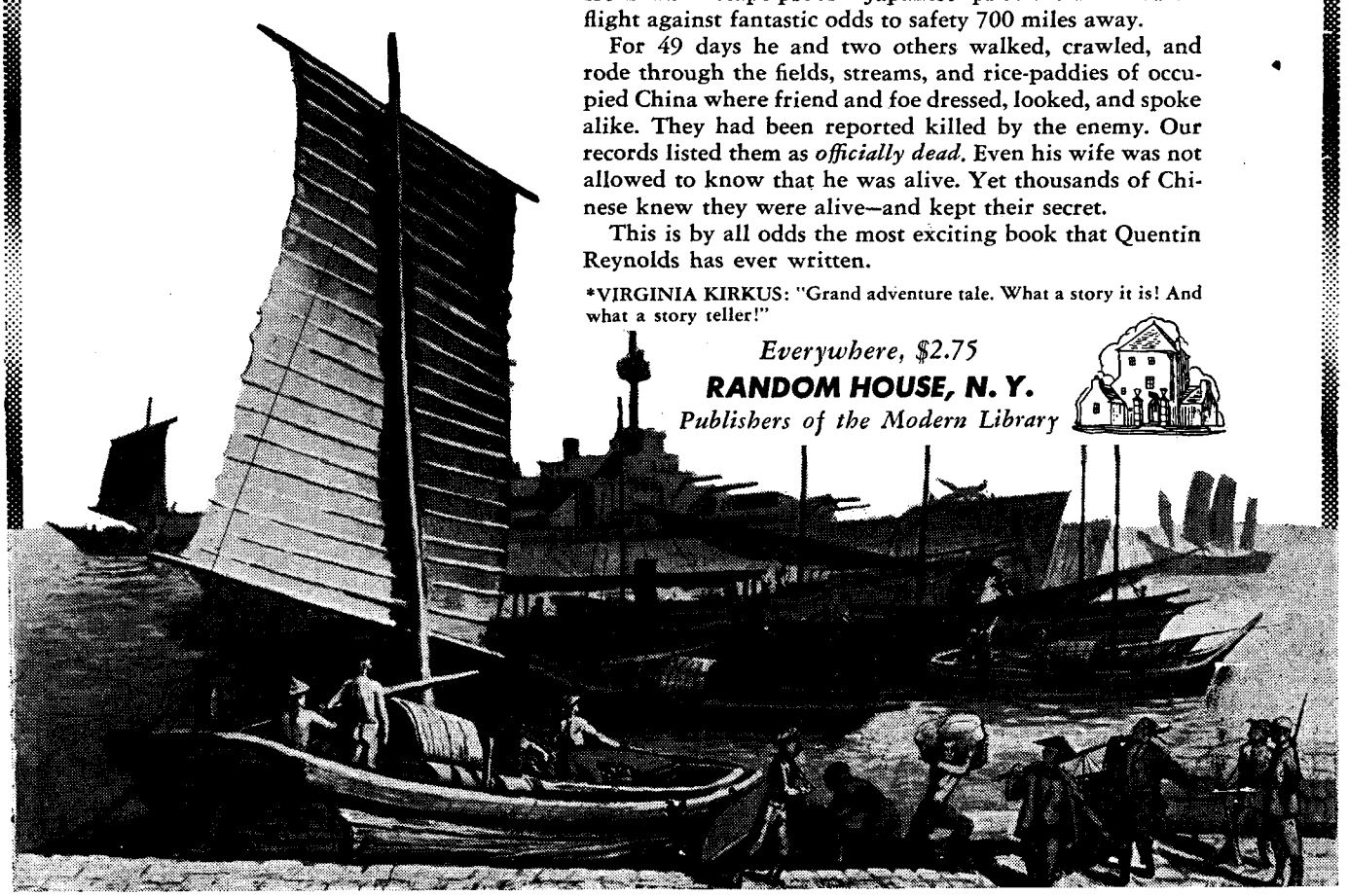
This is by all odds the most exciting book that Quentin Reynolds has ever written.

*VIRGINIA KIRKUS: "Grand adventure tale. What a story it is! And what a story teller!"

Everywhere, $2.75

RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

Publishers of the Modern Library



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

IF THE ENTIRE United States is not soon talking about a novel called "The Manatee," and the Miss Nancy Bruff who wrote it, the fault will not lie with Miss Bruff's forceful and enterprising husband. That gentleman, obviously impressed with the job that had been done on Miss Winsor and "Forever Amber," decided to go the whole hog on this personal build-up business, and hired an ace Hollywood publicist named Russell Birdwell to supervise his campaign at a fee reported variously from twenty-five hundred to twenty-five thousand dollars. It will be Birdwell's job to fill the columns with Bruff stuff, with Manatees Wednesdays and Saturdays. If he can do it, he will have richly earned his fee. Here are the materials he has to work with.

Jabez Folger is a whaling captain from Nantucket who is only happy when he is committing rape, murder, or eating his cabin boy for breakfast. His ship, the *Manatee,* is distinguished by a figure-head of "a bold female torso ending at her human navel in scaly folds and a tail, but diverging from a mermaid in that she had decorative fins in place of arms, which added a sad outré romance to her appearance." Miss Bruff reiterates that this figurehead has only one breast, but the jacket artist gives her two. The advertising manager of a great metropolitan daily evened the score by eliminating both of them.

Jabez wasn't born a hellion, you understand; it is an experience he had at fifteen that is responsible for everything. A venerable neighbor, who proves what a lovable old salt he is by teaching children to say "Christ damn" and cackling at elderly ladies that they have leathery backsides, suddenly persuades Jabez that he has had the wrong slant on that horrible experience of his youth. Jabez, a new man, promptly takes all the other characters in the book on a picnic, thus convincing his Quaker wife that she's judged him a bit harshly about those murders and rapes and things.

Jabez's son Luke now sails for the South Seas with Flowery Shrine, a mulatto girl whose "breasts hung on her little slim body like two ripe pears on a twig." His daughter Saffron is emboldened to tell her bashful admirer, Simon, "I've had enough of your eunuchy kisses." Simon shouts with sudden laughter. "This to Simon the Whoremaster!" he tells himself, and suddenly sees Saffron "not as the pure maiden of his dreams, but as a taunting beauty with her hair blowing about her tender neck as she shouts and jeers at his impotence." He catches her in two swift strides, and as they stand in a passionate embrace, "the little sandpipers, reassured by their stillness, run near them on quick, spidery feet."

That very night, however, the newly reclaimed Jabez sets his dressing-gown on fire with a cigar butt and burns down the whole joint.

"Moby Dick" sells in several editions for a dollar or less. "The Manatee" sells for $2.50. Somebody, obviously, has to make up that fee for Russell Birdwell. And here am I, helping him earn it! . . .

ALLAN ULLMAN, of *The New York Times,* is another who has been brooding about the new trend in book publishing, as the following contribution will indicate:

LETTER FROM ANGELA SPRUNG TO THE SIREN PRESS

June 10, 1961

The Siren Press,
Pent House, Hotel Pierre,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Under separate cover I am submitting to you the manuscript of my first novel, "The Porcelain Cheek." Perhaps you will find it worthy of publication. Sufficient stamps for its return are enclosed herewith but I hope they will prove superfluous.

Very truly yours,

ANGELA SPRUNG,
Corn Crib, Iowa.

LETTER TO ANGELA SPRUNG FROM THE SIREN PRESS

June 15, 1961

Miss Angela Sprung,
Corn Crib,
Iowa.

Dear Miss Sprung:

Your manuscript, "The Porcelain Cheek," has been received. Unfortunately you neglected to send a photograph of yourself with it. Will you be kind enough to forward one at once. We will then be in a position to give your project our immediate attention.

Very truly yours,

THE SIREN PRESS.

EDITOR'S REPORT TO PUBLISHER, SIREN PRESS.

June 22, 1961

Title: "The Porcelain Cheek"
(first novel)
Author: Angela Sprung

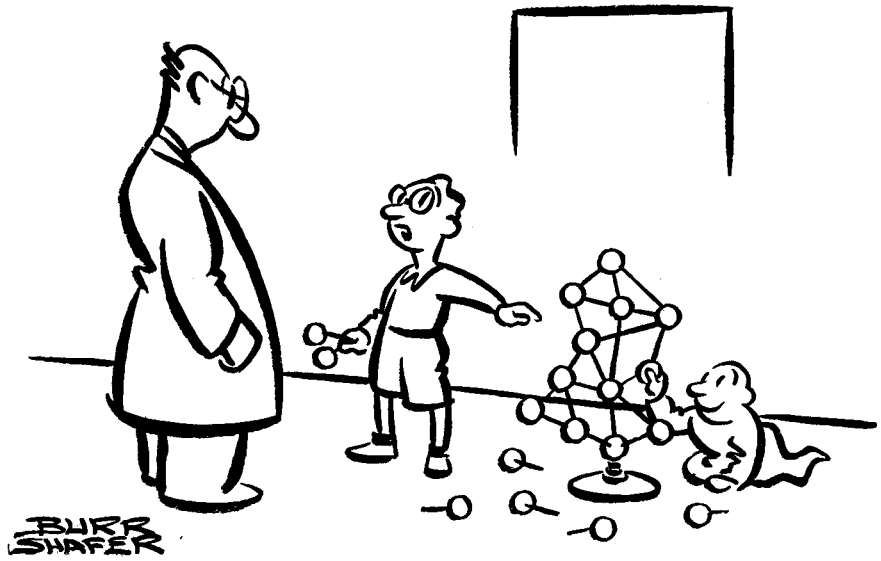
This is an exciting discovery. In my thirty years of fictioneering I can recall few first novels written with comparable beauty and maturity. Sprung's clear, lucid prose falls like music on the ear. I refuse to be cautious. If this girl isn't another Willa Cather, with many qualities superior to Cather, I'll eat this report in one gulp.
The story is ..... etc.

AMBROSE NOOKNINKLE, *Editor.*

REPORT OF THE VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES AND PROMOTION TO THE PUBLISHER, SIREN PRESS.

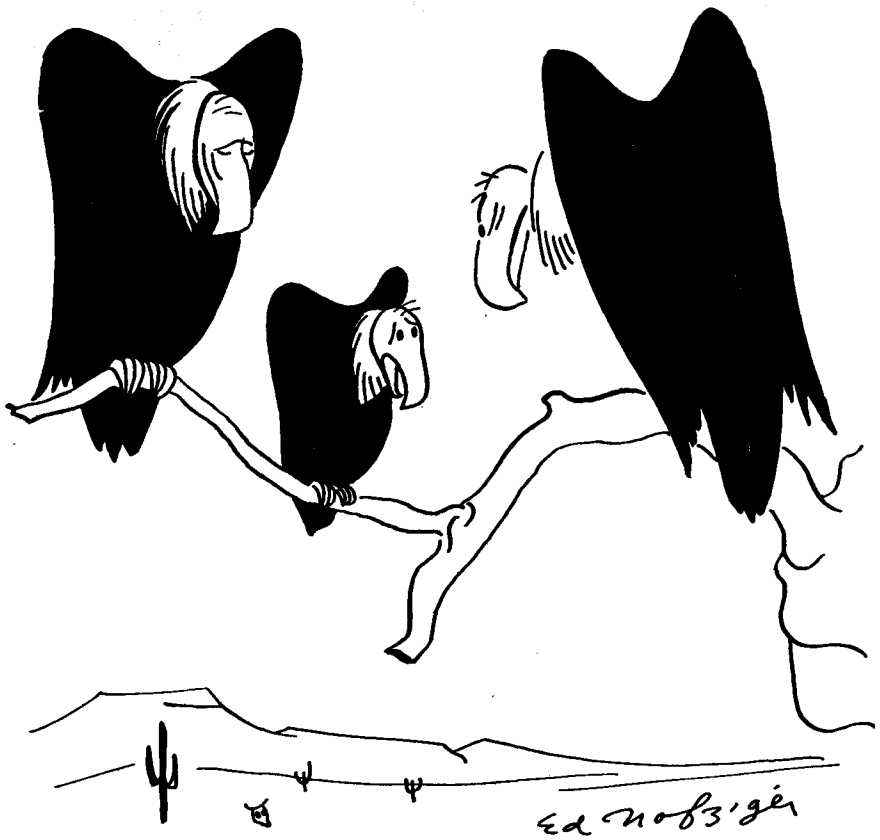
Re: "The Porcelain Cheek," by Angela Sprung.

I've looked over Nookninkle's report on this job. Incidentally, J. T., I thought you had agreed to ease Nookninkle into one of the smaller houses —Harper's or Knopf's? He's something of a drag, as you know. At yesterday's party for Clarissa Svelte (the gal whose novel Jack Goodman has written so cleverly) Nookninkle *stopped at the second Martini!* Naturally I did what I could to offset this, but I'm sure some of the agents noticed it. We've got to be practical in these things, J. T. Nookninkle must go!



"Rollo is completely devoid of molecular sensitivity."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Don't you know any stories with happy endings?"

I note that Nookninkle thinks this Sprung girl can write. Since when has that become an issue in this organization? Lots of people can write, but how many can look like Clarissa Svelte?

"Clear, lucid prose" be damned. What our photographers need is that Clare Luce-ed pose. Remember her? There was an author.

To be entirely fair, I've had the Sprung thing examined by Dr. Patch, our consultant in plastic surgery. I thought that a few revisions might make this gal publishable. But Patch is dubious. He believes that even after he edited this job, only the very best retoucher could do anything with the photos. And she wouldn't hold up on the lecture platform, or at the Dutch Treat Club. Cocktail parties would be out of the question.

It occurred to me that we might be able to substitute a Powers model for Sprung. But then I asked myself: Would it be fair? Would we be breaking faith with the reading public? Would we be true to the literary standards which the Publishing Profession has maintained through the years? The one answer to all of these questions is unmistakable: The Legal Department tells me we'd better not do it.

Therefore, J. T., I think we'd better reject. It's too risky. You might refer the girl to those old-line publishers who drop into the Algonquin occasionally to pick up their mail. Every once in a while one of them grubs enough of a stake to put a book in the stores.

And don't forget about Nookninkle! . . .

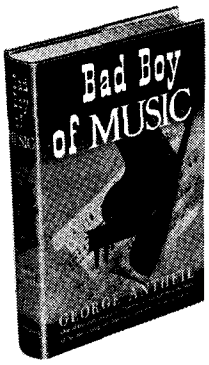
HIGH LIGHTS: Bob Sherwood's "The Rugged Path"; Spencer Tracy's performance and Gar Kanin's direction in same; Raymond Chandler's piece on Hollywood writers in the November *Atlantic;* Robert McLaughlin's "The Bleak Years" in the Nov. 3 *New Yorker;* two movies that are really knockouts: "Spellbound" and "The Last Chance." . . .

Simon and Schuster will distribute the future publications of the Museum of Modern Art. . . . Col. Ray Trautman, back in civvies, becomes vice-president of Omnibook. . . . Marco Page has delivered the script of his new murder novel, "Crescendo," to Dodd, Mead. . . . Warder Norton's death is a blow to the entire publishing industry. The fine list he sponsored will be his enduring monument. . . .

NUNNALLY JOHNSON'S capsule definition of a motion-picture preview: "A place where four or five men, each making $5000 a week, go to watch a pimply-faced kid write 'It stinks' on a card." . . . West Coast producers of Lucky Strike radio shows burn something more than the world's finest tobacco at mention of W. C. Fields. It appears that the crimson-beaked comic guest-starred at one of their broadcasts and ad-libbed five separate lines about "my son Chester" before an enraged sponsor phoned "Make that so-and-so stop boosting Chester Fields on Lucky Strike time!"

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



"PARIS loves you for giving it a good fight, and an artistic scandal does not raise aristocratic lorgnettes. Picasso would not have become famous in Paris unless he had first become notorious. —We contrasted Berlin with Paris. It was the difference between black night and green tender morning! In Berlin everything was gray but the trees—I used to think that if the Germans could only have found a satisfactory cheap process to remove the color in leaves, they would have made them gray."

GEORGE ANTHEIL, the **Bad Boy of Music,** talks intimately to you for 386 pages exclusive of an index which is a who's who and what's what in the world of artistic creation and performance. Says ANTHEIL, "There are really only three basic ways in which a composer may write his autobiography, the Rimsky-Korsakov way, the Stravinsky way, and the ANTHEIL way," the way which lets you in on "the inside of ANTHEIL." Aside from revealing the author's own life as a composer of both serious music (ranging from the "neo-classic" to his sonata called *Mechanisms* at whose premiere "people in the galleries were pulling up the seats and dropping them into the orchestra") and movie backgrounds. His ambling biography is fascinating because it goes into the private live sof everybody from James Joyce to Hedy Lamarr.

But GEORGE ANTHEIL has not assembled a hodge-podge of bright lights and prayed that they would twinkle. Actually he has led a very determined life, even if that determination has shifted from concert pianism to iconoclasm to glandular criminology, with an advice-to-the-lovelorn column thrown in for good measure. Whether the sweat is slithering in great streams "down the leg that is pedaling the sostenuto pedal," or whether he is dressed in the expensive full-dress suit specially tailored for him and the silken-padded armpit revolver holster made in Berlin, MR. GEORGE "le high life" ANTHEIL is doing a heap o' livin'. And what he has to say about it is nobody's business except yours.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

THE STATE OF THE NATHAN

THESE past years have left few lives undisturbed. Most men and women have been as altered by them as is the world in which they find themselves. Their values, their interests and sympathies, their hopes and viewpoints, are not what they were. At least, not quite, and regardless of whether they know it or not. Even those now scurrying to get back where they left off find they are unable to do so. Not only has the procession moved; the reviewing stand is no longer where it was.

In such a world of change it is not surprising to find George Jean Nathan unchanged. His having changed his attitude would offer the real surprise. This would be a surprise indeed, comparable to finding the Statue of Liberty sitting down or The Thinker standing up. Mr. Nathan has always been an exception. His value, which is real, lies in being different. Being George Jean Nathan has been his life work. It is a full-time job. At it Mr. Nathan has labored so unstintingly and triumphantly that he has denied himself the time in which to collect the lint of average living.

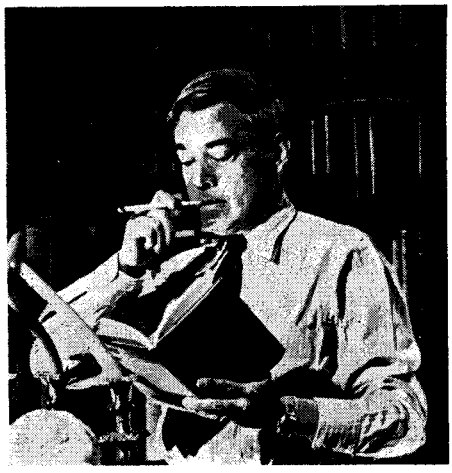
Mr. Nathan dwells in a universe of his own. It is a walled town consisting largely of theatres and bistros. The outside world cries in vain for admittance at its portcullis. Its lights are as brilliant as its bastions are impregnable. Over this moated city, whose only street is a Great White Way, Mr. Nathan presides as a Great White Father. His interests are his bulwarks. They are so resilient and special that World War II has no more left its mark upon him than did World War I. His new annual, "The Theatre Book of the Year—1944-1945,* proves this on its every merry page.

Although now so senior a member of New York's drama assassins that his publishers describe him as "the dean of metropolitan critics," Mr. Nathan remains jubilantly dizzy. He wears his deanship lightly. He is more Katzenjammer than Inge. Mrs. Moonlight could not resist age in her person with higher success than Mr. Nathan does in his spirit. He is as jaunty as he ever was. As impudent, too. The show he puts on continues to be more amusing than are most of the shows he reviews. He is a ringmaster who cracks the whip of his ideas as vigorously and unsparingly as he did a quarter of a century ago in his *Smart Set* days. Only his memory shows white hairs.

"The Theatre Book of the Year" is Mr. Nathan's second compendium of its kind, and the twenty-first volume he has written about the stage. Although these books have rejoiced in titles ranging from "The House of Satan" to "'Art of the Night," "The World in Falseface," and even, misleadingly enough, "Encyclopaedia of the Theatre," they are all of them continuations of the same volume—a volume which might more accurately be known by either of such previous Nathan titles as "The Autobiography of an Attitude" or "The Intimate Notebooks of George Jean Nathan." Not Mazo de la Roche of Jalna fame, not Proust in "Remembrance of Things Past," not Jules Romains in "Men of Good Will," not Galsworthy in "The Forsyte Saga," nor even Annie Fellows Johnston in the "Little Colonel" series for that matter, has penned a longer serial about life than Mr. Nathan has about the theatre.

I doubt if in the whole history of the stage any of its more distinguished critical servitors have written about it for so many years with such sustained high spirits and intelligence as Mr. Nathan has done. Shaw, who as a reviewer was responsible for the best dramatic criticism ever to have provoked the stage or to have been provoked by it, rebelled at the end of three and a half years at being the theatre's slave. "It has tethered me," he groaned in his valedictory, "to the mile radius of foul and sooty air which has its centre in the Strand, as a goat is tethered in the little circle of cropped and trampled grass that makes the meadow ashamed."

Lessing's "Hamburgische Dramaturgie" consumed less than two years of his life. Beerbohm, "the incomparable Max," could tolerate only twelve years lived in the dread of those Thursdays, ever blackened as they were by the preparation of his critical copy. William Archer sat in judgment for more than thirty years. But he was a solemn judge—and a tired one towards the end. Woollcott's enchanted aisles lost their nightly enchantment for him after fourteen seasons.



—*Giles-Parade*

George Jean Nathan "dwells in a universe of his own . . . a walled town consisting largely of theatres and bistros."

Clement Scott in England and William Winter and J. Ranken Towse in this country may have thundered about the stage for fifty or sixty years, but they were men who had died long before death overtook them. The theatre had passed them by many seasons before they passed on. They survived not so much as critics as anachronisms. In a world of Ibsen and Shaw they found themselves still thinking chiefly about Shakespeare, Sheridan, and Sheridan Knowles.

The astonishing thing about Mr. Nathan is that, though he began reviewing in the heyday of Winchell Smith and Eugene Walter, he has always been the champion of new talents. He has championed these whether they happen to have been O'Neill (in a period when O'Neill needed championing), Saroyan, or Tennessee Williams. More than keeping abreast of the new seasons, Mr. Nathan has managed to keep ahead of them.

The energy of the man is unfailing and incredible. Quite rightly people marvel at Bill Robinson when, lean and dapper, at sixty-eight he is able to scamper up and down those celebrated stairs of his. Mr. Nathan's critical headwork at sixty-three is every bit as amazing as Bojangles's footwork. His approach is no less acrobatic. His joy in his job is as undiminished. His precision is as unerring.

When, after a decade made the sprightlier because of his reviewing, Heywood Broun abandoned his job, he insisted that "the theatre rots the mind." Mr. Broun's quest thereafter was for reality rather than make-believe; for the hurly-burly of politics rather than the pleasures of esthetics. He was tired of using an elephant gun to kill mosquitos. Instead of being excited by the challenge of the theatre as a medium, he had wearied of its confinements. He was dis-

* *THE THEATRE BOOK OF THE YEAR—1944-1945. A Record and an Interpretation. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 342 pp. $3.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat

MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS · Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS · Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEA., B'way at 53rd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SECOND YEAR!
BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY · DAVID BROOKS · DOOLEY WILSON · DOROTHY JARNAC
Music by HAROLD ARLEN · Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, 44th St., W. of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

NEW YORK'S No. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
OLIVER SMITH and PAUL FEIGAY present
SONO OSATO — NANCY WALKER in
ON THE TOWN
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Book & Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN & ADOLPH GREEN. Dances by JEROME ROBBINS
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
Cl. 6-6363. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:40

BROCK PEMBERTON presents—PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Frank Fay in 'Harvey'
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. · Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

satisfied because of having dedicated himself to so many years of vicarious living. He wished to be confronted by the world as it is. He no longer desired to stay in that limited domain of the world in falseface about which Mr. Nathan has written untiringly and in which he has elected to dwell as a leading citizen.

One thing is certain. The theatre has not rotted Mr. Nathan's mind. It has cabin'd his sympathies, cribb'd his interests, and confin'd his labors, but it has not curtailed his thinking. He may be content to wear the blinders of his profession, yet he sees that profession with telescopic eyes. Although Broadway's ceiling can be low, Mr. Nathan's visibility is high. His perceptions are of the sharpest.

Too many playgoers have a way of following the Army's practice and lowering their standards at sunset. Not so Mr. Nathan. He must have dieted on carrots since his birth. His night vision is unrivaled. His mind remains as tough-fibred and athletic as his style can be gleefully unhousebroken. His intelligence about the theatre is as sustained as his passion for it is adhesive.

It is surprising to find Mr. Nathan producing a book which must take its place on the reference shelves as a companion volume to Burns Mantle's "The Best Plays." In the past, when he has indulged in such gravely academic titles as "Since Ibsen," Mr. Nathan has done so only as a way of deadpanning his way through a joke. He is no subscriber to routine. Pundit though he is, he is also a prankster. He is a Shaw who insists upon appropriating the antics of Bozo Snyder; a Coleridge who prefers to cavort like Bobby Clark. His nose is as red as his brow is high.

Although most of Mr. Nathan's many volumes have been theatrical yearbooks, they have not bothered to embalm a season so as to win a librarian's gratitude. They have gone through their gymnastics ungirdled by any orthodox system. They have been free expressions of Mr. Nathan's gleeful critical spirit. As such they have touched upon only those plays, people, and ideas which have ignited his contempt, won his admiration, or mobilized his critical points.

In his "Theatre Book of the Year" Mr. Nathan bows to a more rigid method. Although, fortunately, he still follows his whims as an essayist, he does obey the call of the calendar. He records the whole of a season, arranging his impressions chronologically. A bad season it may have been by his own admission, yet he gives it in its entirety from May 1944 to May 1945. He follows the schedule of opening nights, supplies casts and vital

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • MARTHA SCOTT • VICKI CUMMINGS
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

THE DOLLY SISTERS
IN TECHNICOLOR
Starring BETTY GRABLE and JOHN PAYNE • JUNE HAVER
A 20TH-CENTURY FOX PICTURE
On Stage!
CARL RAVAZZA
BEATRICE KAY
GOMEZ and BEATRICE
Extra! MAURICE ROCCO
NOW AT THE ROXY
Doors Open 9 A. M. 7th Ave. at 50th St.

Hold That Blonde!
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Starring EDDIE BRACKEN and VERONICA LAKE
On Stage
FRANK SINATRA
JAN SAVITT & His Orchestra
PIED PIPERS
Now at the PARAMOUNT Times Square

Victory Means
Follow Through
Buy More Bonds

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

statistics. He goes even further. At overlong last he provides an index. In other words, he employs all of the staid machinery of a reference book. Even so, into that machinery he happily manages to throw the sizable monkey-wrench of his own personality.

A reference book is by intention a volume to which one is only supposed to refer. But when once I had referred to Mr. Nathan's book, I found I could not put it down. I had to read it page by page. Although I knew its values as a "record," I preferred its pleasures as an "interpretation."

Reading it, I was compelled to wonder once again at Mr. Nathan's powers. Naturally, as an old Nathan fan, I encountered some of Mr. Nathan's familiar loves and hates. Critics who continue to be dramatic critics have no other choice than to repeat themselves. To most of us who are reviewers the moment comes, for example, when we feel that we have nothing new to say about Ethel Barrymore, or Tallulah Bankhead, or George Jean Nathan. We have said our all. That moment never overtakes Mr. Nathan.

In no way does he more clearly demonstrate how inexhaustible is his fertility than by the ingenuity with which he serves himself as his own rewrite man. Invariably he empties his files or his mind as if he were emptying them for the first time. The theatre for him may on this or that night be contemptible as theatre, but his writing about it is hardly ever stale. Even what he re-says he says so freshly that it always seems new.

Once again he uses a prose of his own. It is filled with the whereases of the law. It employs sentences so lengthy that in other hands they would huff and puff like loaded freight trains pulling uphill. The iodoform of medical reference is heavily upon it. The Nathan style is more physiological than spiritual in quality. It bursts with images. Some of these are unfortunate, but most of them are as accurate as the one in which Mr. Nathan accuses Herman Shumlin of handling the materials in a psychological melodrama "as if they were part and parcel of a memorial service for Dostoievsky." It is an exuberant style, pitiless in its condemnations, and merry even in its praise. It may cover a whole season, fairly or unfairly, but it has the higher virtue of revealing Mr. Nathan.

Although he has not changed, Mr. Nathan is one of the few people who has stood still without going backwards. He may keep the windows of his living tightly closed on almost everything except the theatre. Yet the amazing thing is the air-conditioning he is able to supply in what might otherwise have been an unventilated room. The source of his strength is his wit, his perception, his fearlessness, and his sanity.

As one who marvels at what Mr. Nathan is able to do, I still keep wishing he would write the book which is in him; that he would mislay his scissors-and-paste; that he would trouble to sustain a whole essay. I wish, too, that he would become as interested in the performance he is reviewing as he is in his own performance. Above all, I wish that, though rightfully proud of his head, he would not continue always to be so ashamed of his heart.

Mr. Nathan remains the hedonist he was in a period of security even in these days of danger. He is a critic whose ideas are almost all theatre-born. He has his esthetic opinions which are many, varied, smiling, and excellent. But he has none of the social convictions which were the source of Shaw's strength. The pity is that, though he is our foremost critic of the theatre, he so seldom widens his interest to include life.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Psychology and Murder

THE UNKNOWN MURDERER. By Theodor Reik. Translated from the German by Katherine Jones. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1945. 244 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

IN "Psyche's Task," Sir James G. Frazer argued that primitive superstitions are the precursors of important social institutions. In "The Unknown Murderer" (which was printed in England in 1936, and in the original German in 1934) Dr. Reik applies this evolutionary point of view and psychoanalytic theory to such matters as the detection of murderers, the nature of evidence, and the psychology of justice. Not so sanguine as Frazer, Dr. Reik believes that logic and reason are often mere rationalization and cover for the irrational and magical processes at work. The Philadelphia detective who solved the murder of Mr. Breese by acutely noting the presence of dead flies was (Dr. Reik maintains) atavistically moved by the ancient belief in animal omens; no less than the cranes of Ibycus in Schiller's poem, the animals were to lead him to the murderer. Similarly, the primitive rituals that "asked the corpse" who had murdered him survive in the medical inquest, and the magic that was done with the deceased's hair, excreta, clothing, and other belongings survives in the techniques of the criminologist's laboratory. The corpse was supposed to bleed when its murderer neared it, and corpses are still minutely examined for hemorrhages, tell-tale bruises, and other "signs."

Nor does Dr. Reik believe that we have put aside the primitive belief that death is always murder effected, when the physical blow is not direct, by magic. Thus certain African tribesmen believe that if a person is killed by an alligator, then someone who is known to be the victim's enemy must have made magic on the alligator. But a French court, not too long ago, sentenced a woman of bad character for the murder of her husband and brother-in-law, with whom she had quarreled violently, although as it turned out later they had been poisoned by the fumes from a nearby lime-kiln. Everyone believes himself a magician in the unconscious; so that there is no dearth of false confessions even now. The chief reason for the ubiquitous demand that the murderer must be caught is the unconscious guilt of everyone who might have committed the murder. The rational motive of clearing innocent persons from suspicion combines with the unconscious need to clear one's self. All four of the Brothers Karamazov were psychologically guilty of their father's murder; only the neurotic Dmitri laid the false clues. Dr. Reik holds that once the jury is convinced of the possibility of guilt—i. e., the psychological guilt—of the accused, the circumstantial evidence is simply the rationalization for the verdict.

Since psychoanalysis deals with the unconscious, where crime is psychological and where the legal code has not much application, Dr. Reik fails to see that it has much practical value in crime detection or criminal law. He seems to suggest that sometimes it might be well to execute persons for having criminal motives even if they have committed no crime, but this devastating suggestion is purely theoretical.

The "insoluble" crime, such as the "Canary Murder Case," is uncanny; it persuades us of the reality of magic. Philo Vance restores our belief in reality, in our sanity. And this conflict between our belief in magic and our belief in reality, is still effectively complicating crime detection and judicial decisions, and bolstering the enormous popularity of detective stories.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japan's doctrine of racial superiority and world conquest

ROBERT O. BALLOU explains the legend on which Japan's political doctrines are founded, and includes selections of Shinto text as evidence. This is the legend we must understand if we are to solve the baffling problem of Japan's future. $2.75

SHINTO The Unconquered Enemy

From a leading figure in the new literary generation

ALEX COMFORT

The author of *The Power House* presents his first volume of poems to be published in America. A significant and arresting work, it is striking evidence of his fresh talent. $1.75

The SONG OF LAZARUS

Dual expression of genius—an American poet-artist

MARSDEN HARTLEY

Known to the public as a painter, Hartley was an equally gifted poet. Here, collected for the first time, are his best poems, with nine reproductions of his paintings. *Illustrated.* $3.00

SELECTED POEMS

At all booksellers
THE VIKING PRESS

They discovered a prodigy

ALBERTA HANNUM tells the moving story of an eight-year-old Indian boy's artistic genius. It's the story, too, of an adventure in living by two worldly people who went to live among the Navahos. Illustrated with 12 full-color reproductions of the remarkable paintings of the Indian boy, Beatien Yazz. $3.75

SPIN A SILVER DOLLAR

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atomic Age

ARE WE MAKING THE TRANSITION WISELY?

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Saturday Review of Literature *herewith inaugurates a new department, most of the contributors to which will be scientists connected with the atomic energy projects. This week's contributor is one of the world's leading theoretical physicists. Like many of the scientists connected with the atomic bomb, Dr. Wigner is a naturalized American. He was born in Hungary and came to this country in* 1930. *Dr. Wigner's present affiliation is with the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton University.*

NEWS of the discovery of a new physical phenomenon reached this country early in 1939. The discovery was that of nuclear fission, the splitting of the atom into two parts under the influence of certain radiations; the discoverers were two German scientists, Hahn and Strassman. Within a few months after the news reached us, many of my colleagues, as well as I, began to see that it was possible that the new discovery might ultimately become the basis of a horrible military weapon.

This outlook alarmed us greatly. The forces of democracy were slumbering in those days, while those of fascism and dictatorship were aggressive and wide-awake. The danger was great that our Government might shun the costs necessary to explore the possibility of the new weapon while our enemies-to-be developed and perfected it far our destruction.

Beginning with the summer of 1939, many attempts were made to persuade our authorities to support research on the fission process. To attain such support was a long and arduous job and often gave us the feeling of swimming in syrup. The authorities cannot be blamed for their tardiness in recognition of the situation. They were assailed by hundreds of schemes for miraculous weapons. Furthermore, no scientist was willing to say, or could say in good faith, that the weapon he envisaged could actually be developed. But we were not to be blamed, either, for our growing exasperation as the irreplaceable months passed. Our requests amounted to a few thousand dollars which, we believed, would have saved us millions later. They would have saved billions. Meanwhile, our Government made one concession after another to our future enemies and weakened themselves both morally and materially by the abandonment of future allies.

Although none of us spoke much about it to the authorities—they considered us dreamers enough as it was—we did hope for another effect of the development of atomic weapons in addition to the warding off of imminent disaster. We realized that, should atomic weapons be developed, no two nations would be able to live in peace with each other unless their military forces were controlled by a common higher authority. We expected that these controls, if they were effective enough to abolish atomic warfare, would be effective enough to abolish also all other forms of war. This hope was almost as strong a spur to our endeavors as was our fear of becoming the victims of the enemy's atomic bombings.

Meanwhile, 1940 dragged on and most of 1941. At the end of this time, the Japanese themselves aroused our people and united them with our Government for the common defense. Coincidentally, it was on this same Pearl Harbor Day that we learned of the decision to support work on the atomic bomb on a large scale. From that day on, neither money nor manpower was withheld from the Project and official support was forthcoming in an ever-increasing stream. For me, Pearl Harbor Day, also the birthday of the Project, marked the first day of two years of strenuous but, in the end, successful efforts.

The work during those two years was always exciting, but not always pleasant. Most of us learned in the two years following Pearl Harbor Day more about human nature than we did in the ten preceding years of academic seclusion; but the work progressed steadily until all obstacles were successfully overcome. The constant and unflagging loyalty and devotion to duty of my collaborators was an ever-inspiring influence during those days and amply compensated me for the disappointments which were unavoidable. And we were well provided with material help in all our endeavors.

After two years the part of the job for which the group with which I was associated felt responsible was practically concluded and we were permitted to devote a substantial part of our attention to post-war applications of nuclear power. This also relieved us of the often oppressive feeling of responsibility which kept us in constant fear lest any small error which we might commit would permit the enemy to be ready with atomic bombs before us. When, early in 1944, the pressure of work began to subside, we could recover our balance, and the first thing we naturally did was to survey the impending effect of what we had helped to do.

We realized that, from that time on, we would have to live in a world with atomic bombs. We remembered our hope that the existence of atomic bombs would necessitate measures

—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Well?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JANUARY THAW

by Bellamy Partridge

Author of *Country Lawyer* and *Big Family*

"... guaranteed to leave almost any reader weak with laughter."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

$2.75

3rd Large Printing

A LION IS IN THE STREETS

by Adria Locke Langley

MONTH AFTER MONTH A NATIONAL BEST SELLER

$3.00

765,000 in print including Book Clubs

"Headed for best-seller honors."
—Springfield Union and Republican

WHEELS IN HIS HEAD

FATHER AND HIS INVENTIONS

by M. M. Musselman

"The warm, highly colored account of his inventor father and his own hilarious childhood."—*N. Y. Post.*

Illustrated by Bill Pause.

35,000 in print • $2.50

The CHALLENGE OF RED CHINA

by Gunther Stein

"... nearly 500 pages of hard-packed reporting that bristles with the validity of first-hand incident."—*Christian Science Monitor. Illustrated.* $3.50

GOD BLESS OUR AUNTS

by Rachel Meisenhelder

The gay and completely lovable story of a Pennsylvania Dutch-Irish clan and the two aunts who bossed the lot of them. *Illustrated by Dorothy McKay.* $2.50

BRIGHT STAR OR DARK

by Ruth Peabody Harnden

"A fine first novel ... Her writing carries the dark, fascinating flavor of Ireland and the bite of its sharp wit."— *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

ONE SMALL VOICE

by Marianne Oswald

The extraordinary life story of one of the most colorful personalities in the international entertainment world. $2.75

At all bookstores

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York 18

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which would automatically abolish war. We had learned, meanwhile, that not all measures which appear desirable are taken as a matter of course, but we were far from giving up hope. As a first measure, we thought that Congress, and later even the general public, should be informed of the possibility of the atomic bomb so that they might have an opportunity to think about methods of adjusting our domestic and international affairs to the existence of this weapon. We felt that one could not object to such an action from the point of view of military secrecy since neither the enormous installations which were being erected nor their purpose could have remained hidden from a watchful enemy. This point was further strengthened by Goebbels's speeches, and any remaining doubt had to evaporate when Germany surrendered. It appeared to us that, after V-E Day, the only important result of keeping the existence of the atomic bomb fully secret was to make the transition from the pre-atomic age more sudden and more difficult.

The second point which we emphasized was that the atomic weapon must not be used without adequate warning and must be used only after consultation with, and with the consent of, the other members of the United Nations. The sudden and dramatic use of the bomb may have had a greater effect on the Japanese than if they had been forewarned. I myself do not believe this. I know, on the other hand, that by use of the bomb in the way we chose, we have set a precedent for its use as a regular weapon of war. Had we employed it as the result of a decision of the United Nations, we would have demonstrated that we were aware of our responsibilities and we also would have shown what dire results would be bound to ensue if a nation defied an existing world organization.

It is not surprising that the policy which our authorities decided to follow is difficult to understand from a long-range point of view. The bomb was handled as a military weapon rather than as an instrument of foreign policy. More weight was given to immediate results than to lasting effects. Congress should consider very carefully the measures it adopts and should not permit itself to be pushed into precipitate action. Naturally, once Congress has spoken, we must abide by its decisions, but one cannot look with much confidence into the future as long as responsible people talk about "the secret of the atomic bomb" and the "defense that is sure to be found." It is too late to make mistakes.

EUGENE WIGNER.

A Man of Honesty and Trust

By William H. Matchett

A MAN he is of honesty and trust
Who knows the black man and the black man's place,
Who thinks the poll tax is too much discussed
And calls the Negro ensign a disgrace.
The radicals, he says, have used the war
To blind us to the spread of their disease,
But he can wait, and scheme, and pace the floor:
"What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Jim Crow will keep its hold for it is just;
Fear of Judge Lynch will seal the darkie's mouth."
A man he is of honesty and trust,
Congressman Iago, from the South.

Hollywood Alphabet

By Ben Ray Redman

A is for Agent, a fate ineluctable:
one tenth of your take is forever deductible.
B is for Budget, consulted when needed,
as showing the figures that must be exceeded.
C is for Camera, whose angles can break you,
unless the nice cameraman chooses to make you.
D's for Director, with vision so keen:
he knows what he's done when the preview is seen.
E's for Executive, lofty and holy,
glimpsed from afar in his car by the lowly.
F is the Face-on-the-Cutting-Room-Floor:
the rushes were grand, but the part is no more.
G is for Glamor, or hair, teeth and eyes,
slim hips and long legs and a sweater-surprise.
H is for Harlow, who rose to success
through the generous V of an incomplete dress.
I is for Interview, given with grace:
the words are not yours, and it's anyone's face.
J is for Juicer, the genie of lights,
who turns nights into days and days into nights.
K is for Kiss: if you have all the breaks
you can make it look natural in seventeen takes.
L's for Location: anywhere that is not
within the frontiers of the Studio Lot.
M is for Metro, that roars like a lion
from the jungles of Culver, that latter-day Zion.
N is for Notice, which shuts off the pay
of the player who's figured on just one more day.
O is for Option, that's lifted or dropped:
a rocket that soars or a stick that has flopped.
P's for Publicity, paid for and read
by the buyer with faith in every word said.
Q is for Quickie: six days are enough,
but on Poverty Row you must know your stuff.
R is for Rummy: the cameras can wait.
Should I keep on for gin, or go down with eight?
S is for Sex, per the Hays Office ration:
nine parts discretion to one part of passion.
T's for Technician, who's never around
when Art is acclaimed and Genius is crowned.
U is the Unknown, whom talent scouts seek:
she will look like the others inside of a week.
V's for Vacation: if you want the pay-off,
more often than not the right word is lay-off.
W's Wardrobe, a nuisance at best:
But the Censorship Code says that girls must be dressed.
X marks the spot where hope signs its name
on the dotted-line rung of the ladder of fame.
Y is for Yuma, where stars seek felicity,
Wedding quite secretly save for publicity.
Z is for Zanuck. The alphabet ends.
And now a brief prayer for our Hollywood friends.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BORZOI BOOKS

FREEDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY IN THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

by Carl Becker

One of the wisest and most truly humane of American historians—author of *How New Will the Better World Be?*—in this, his final work, has distilled his immense learning, acute observation, and independent thought into a presentation of the fundamental moral and social problems of a citizen's conduct in American society. Originally delivered as lectures on the William W. Cook Foundation, at the University of Michigan. $2.50

Three Handsomely Printed Fine Editions

THE SHIP OF FLAME

by William Stone. Illustrated by Nicholas Mordvinoff. A magnificent example of contemporary bookmaking, in which text and pictures combine to give an unforgettable interpretation of a classic Polynesian legend. The many striking illustrations are printed in gravure, the frontispiece in full colors. 8¼ x 11. $7.50

POEMS OF ALCMAN, SAPPHO, IBYCUS

Designed by Bruce Rogers. Translated by Olga Marx and Ernst Morwitz. An exquisite volume containing new English renderings with the Greek text on facing pages. Limited to 950 copies, printed in two colors on all-rag paper. Slipcase. $10.00

THIS PETTY PACE

by Mary Petty. Preface by James Thurber. This collection of Petty drawings, including eight color plates of her famous *New Yorker* covers, is a truly distinguished volume, not just another cartoon book. "Always funny, and often uproarious."—JAMES THURBER. $3.50

THE THEATRE BOOK OF THE YEAR: 1944-45

by George Jean Nathan. The third anual by "the sauciest, most opinionated, and on the whole the most rewarding commentator now dealing with the stage."—WOLCOTT GIBBS, *New Yorker* $3.00

UNCLE 'LISH

by Ralph Frye. An appreciative nephew reminisces hilariously about the cantankerous, shrewd, lovable scoundrel of a New England sea captain who was his Uncle 'Lish. $2.00

THE ARAB ISLAND

by Freya Stark. A first-person story of today's Arab world by an Englishwoman whose knowledge of the subject is unequalled. No other book gives the recent background of the crisis in the Middle East. "First class."—HANS KOHN. *Illustrated* $3.50

"A BROOK OF OUR OWN"

by Marjorie Gane Harkness. An enormously entertaining account of a rural real-estate agent's experience with city dwellers yearning for "a little place in the country" (New Hampshire this time). $2.00

MAQUISARD

A novel by Albert J. Guerard. "He balances bitterness and young love and writes a Christmas carol of the Maquis that may make you gulp at moments but leaves you smiling."
—*New York Herald Tribune* $2.00

THE WIND IS RISING

by Jules Romains. The twelfth volume in the titanic novel *Men of Good Will* deals with French life in the late '20's amid the rise of underground gangs. "A cornerstone in the structure."
—ANDRÉ MAUROIS. $3.00

These books are for sale at all bookshops and are published in New York by

ALFRED · A · KNOPF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Short History of An Unfc

SUDDENLY you feel a deep longing for the ennobling companionship of a full-bodied novel. You hunger for that rare and almost forgotten quality in modern fiction—sheer narrative power. Weary of propaganda and neuroses, tossed about too long on the murky waters of the stream of consciousness, you seek elemental plot and suspense to make the blood

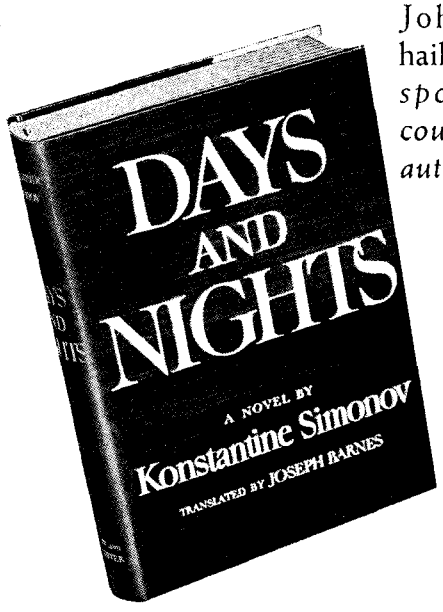
You express this longing to your favorite bookseller. Without hesitation, he recommends a new novel by Konstantine Simonov, the current Book-of-the-Month Club Selection, DAYS AND NIGHTS.

YOUR bookseller directs your particular attention to Dorothy Canfield's moving comment: *"Few readers will not find themselves shaken as by an emotion lived, not read about."* Your bookseller adds: it is the most widely read book in Russia, a novel inspired by the Battle of Stalingrad — a breathless story beautifully translated by Joseph Barnes, a story which *"brings to life the fire-seared days and nights of a city which has already become a legend like Marathon, Waterloo and Gettysburg."*

INSTINCTIVELY you feel that this is it. Your hunch is fortified by the judgment of John Hersey, who hails Simonov as *"the spokesman of his country's courage, an author who dictates fiction by telephone under fire."* Realizing that your request is over, you impatiently open the book . . .

WITH the turn of a page you find yourself on the steppes of the Don. Before the end of the first chapter you are leading an assault brigade across the Volga into the naked streets of a besieged and burning city. Within a quarter of an hour *"a dot on the map becomes a blood-stained battle-field."* You have begun the soul-shaking experience of seventy unforgettable days and nights.

Like Dorothy Canfield, your hands shake and your pulse races as you turn the pages. *"You breathe faster in uncertainty of what will happen in the next paragraph."*



DAYS A

by Konsta

Price $2.75 • Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gettable Reading Experience

beat faster. You want a hero, a villain, yes, even an unashamed love story with passion and tenderness, in the great tradition of heroic literature. You are not going to be content with the romantic escapism of slick characters and stereotyped situations contrived for emotional adolescents. *You want a book with a soul, a novel that can measure itself against history.*

The apartment house in which you make your stand is attacked, occupied, captured, counter - attacked, defended again. Every paving-stone, every trench, every foot of rubble, in five city blocks is stormed in desperate sorties.

The adjoining door becomes a disputed barricade, the boiler room in the basement a Marne, the fiery stairway a Thermopylae. All Russia is bounded by the four shattered walls you are defending with tommy-guns and hand-grenades. You learn what it means to keep a city from being cut in half, how it feels to lift a siege, why you must hang on until the Volga freezes. You discover love and tenderness amidst the crumbling but unvanquished ruins—and treachery too. You crawl forward inch by inch—and find every inch packed tight with history . . . In the harsh school of night fighting, lit by tracer bullets, you learn that surprise counts more than numbers. Three times encircled, you break out again and again and yet again, for there is nothing else to do but the impossible.

IN A BURST of fragmentation and concussion bombs, *"with a special kind of Russian stubbornness,"* you make the fate of a city your own personal fate and "discover the incomparable happiness of a great attack." And then across the vast snows the rumble of heavy artillery finally announces the closing of a trap to annihilate the invading German hordes. Two Russian armies, moving through the dark November night and the gray winter dawn, "like two hands coming together on a map, closer and closer" meet far to the west. Now it is your time to rejoice. You learn why, in the language of the Red Army, victory is a feminine noun.

Shaken and exalted, you reach the grand climax of the decisive battle of the world's greatest war. You begin to understand *"the excitement which the word Stalingrad sounds in men's hearts."* **You have read...**

ND NIGHTS

ne Simonov

November • SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS • New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Isherwood Again

PRATER VIOLET. By Christopher Isherwood. New York: Random House. 1945. 128 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

MR. ISHERWOOD, though it may sound a little odd at first, has been living monastically in Hollywood of late, and has published nothing of his own since 1939, when "Goodbye to Berlin" came out. Now he returns to the lists with a subtle and extremely well-written short novel. His earlier books, while they accurately depicted the curious fauna of pre-Hitler Germany, were somewhat lacking in narrative strength and did not appear to have more than secondary value as documents for the times. The author was generally ranked as one of the more promising members of the Auden-Spender group, but his silence provoked no loud protests.

"Prater Violet" marks so great an increase in the author's technical dexterity, and is such stimulating reading, however, that one can only hope other young British and American novelists may find their way to Mr. Isherwood's particular Shangri-La near Hollywood and Vine. On the surface the book is merely a witty account of the making of a sentimental musical film of the poor-young-girl-meets-disguised-crown-prince variety. The fact that the film is being made in London shortly before the war by a company called "Imperial Bulldog" does not make it any the less universal or pointed as a satire on the methods and personalities of movie-makers everywhere. But this sort of thing has been done often before though seldom better.

What distinguishes "Prater Violet" from a hundred other cinema satires is the author's ability to see the studios and their denizens as significant and alarming symptoms of the world's present malaise. His director, Bergmann, a Viennese Jew lost and puzzled in London and tragically stricken by the news of the *Anschluss,* becomes a vital and heartwarming symbol of European idealism, muddled but unbeaten. He sums up in his personality, his frustration, and his final involuntary commercial success a whole generation which has never known artistic security.

Bergmann and the narrator, who works on the picture with him, have reached a sort of father-and-son relationship before "Prater Violet" is, after many vicissitudes, finished. In spite of everything that politics and economics and sheer human cussedness can combine to do to them, their friendship is honest and successful. In spite of the author's evident alarm about the future of Europe and the world, he is anxious to drive home the point that the individual still counts.

This deceptively slight book has caused something of a critical flurry. There have been varying interpretations of the story and of Bergmann's character and success. Perhaps instead of crediting the author with cosmic meanings we should be content to hail him for having written a book which is never pretentious or boring or empty —which is far more than can be said of most recent productions by his compeers in fiction.

Pater Americanus

WHEELS IN HIS HEAD. By M. M. Musselman. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 203 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

"LIFE with Father" continues to be one of the richer lodes for American anecdote. We may once have thought that Clarence Day, Senior, was a rare individual of heroic proportions, but it seems now, with the many Fathers we have read of since, that he was merely the first of a great species, Pater Americanus, to come to print. He is in every instance humorous, resourceful, affectionate, overbearing, at once a fierce individualist and a faithful family man.

Mr. Musselman's father, the subject of this latest small history, was, in addition to all these, an inventor. Not the fumbling muddlehead dreamer of the farce-comedy, but a real technician, who has to his credit the huge balloon tires now used on airplanes, the bicycle pedal, and the two-speed coaster brake, as well as such minor matters as a mechanics' soap and the zipper golf-bag.

But these are not the burden of the book, which devotes itself merrily to A. J.'s maddest moments, his boyhood pranks, his experiments with early notions like wind-proof unbrellas and mechanical baby-rockers, his exasperated tussles with big business and his own ventures into private enterprise, coming out the surprised possessor, once, of a million dollars. Everything A. J. did was stamped with a warm and irrepressible gusto. He led his family a mad chase, but it was always fun and they loved it, even after they picked themselves up off the ground. Mr. Musselman, the son, doesn't try to do more than convey his sense of the magic of those days. He does it quite simply and with no devices other than the yarns that seem to spin themselves.

TVA in a Story

VALLEY OF POWER. By Eleanor Buckles. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1945. 265 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE "valley of power" is the Tennessee Valley, and this novel tells part of the story of the TVA, the part concerned with those mountaineers who had somehow to be persuaded to leave their homes before the rising waters behind the dam flooded the whole country. The author conceives her tale in terms of the man whose task it was to remove these people without force and of the people themselves who obstinately opposed him through fear, prejudice, ignorance, and above all through attachment to the land on which they and their forebears had always lived.

Conflict between the "foreigners" sent to uproot them and the simple folk who believe that God will wash away the dam rather than themselves is heightened by personal antagonisms of various sorts, and Rootman Jonas, the government agent, has to find the particuliar key in every case which will unlock the resistance of each individual. From the beginning he experiences a strong, sensual gratification in fulfilling his mission whenever Sandrey Ballard, the daughter of his chief opponent, throws herself in his way. Sandrey for her part, a full-blooded and independent girl, is torn between the old ideas and the new, between devotion to her stubborn father and her desire for the attractive young stranger whom the community hates. Suspense mounts as the waters of the reservoir continue to rise and as the passions of men determined to drown rather than move become more and more inflamed. Only at the end do most of the mountaineers come to realize the broader implications of the dam.

Miss Buckles obviously knows both the background and foreground of the TVA, and in an excellent chapter she makes the miraculous achievements of the project clear to even the most bigotted of its enemies. Readers may find that the attraction between Rootman and Sandrey lacks depth and subtlety in the telling and that the personal terms in which the novel is worked out give us a negative rather than a positive approach to the essential problems of the TVA. Nevertheless the author achieves her purpose of making a single aspect of the whole undertaking thoroughly real. She also writes well and displays great competence in visualizing the component parts of a distinctively primitive community with its flaws and virtues.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A novel in the heroic tradition... the finest fiction we have had in months."

—HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World-Telegram*

THE WHITE TOWER

by James Ramsey Ullman

"A timely and challenging novel which... combines in a rare and potent mixture, the bright face of physical danger with the inner world of the mind and the haunting motivations which lie below the surface of thought and action."—Alice Dixon Bond, *Boston Herald.* $3.00

519,000 COPIES IN PRINT

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

Susan Glaspell's

novel of conflict in a modern Midwestern family
"has much to say to many different kinds of Americans."

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

JUDD RANKIN'S DAUGHTER

"Luminous... it has humor, gayety, the courage and sparkle that people of brains and breeding bring to the most uncompromising of situations."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

"A very engrossing and full-textured novel... inspired and inspiring... a clarion call to us to come out and live in the rest of the world."—*Chicago Sun.* $2.50

2nd PRINTING

THE EGG and I

by Betty MacDonald

"... gay and humorous account of the author's life on a chicken farm... hilarious reminiscences... sprightly, diverting, and excellent entertainment."
—*Saturday Review*

"... this book glows with life... A bright, light, laughing book. Not to be missed."—*N. Y. Post.* $2.75

6th BIG PRINTING

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Philadelhia • J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY • New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yo-ho-ho and a Bottle of Ink

THE MANATEE. By Nancy Bruff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 251 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

IT is a sad commentary on the ethics of the Tenth Muse, Advertisia, that a book like "The Manatee" is foisted on a credulous public as "already sweeping the country" and its author described as "the talented, glamorous young writer all America is talking about." It is enough to make honestly talented young writers, whose novels (infinitely superior to this "bold, sweeping drama of vibrant love and corrosive hatred") languish unheralded and unsold, wonder just what literary merit has to do with the success of a book.

Any precocious adolescent steeped in the emotional violence of third-rate melodrama would have had at his command all the materials which are at the command of this talented and glamorous young writer. Although Miss Bruff has a certain articulateness, her book has the subtlety and profundity of a Grade-C movie. Her psychology is elementary, her characterization stock property, her dialogue incredibly artificial and the very best ham. Jabez Folger, savage, hate-corroded sea captain, comes home from a whaling trip to the unwanted embraces of his Quaker wife, Piety, whom he has married in a brief moment of tenderness. Jabez has now reverted to type, and seeks to break his young wife's heart by a sadistic display of the blackness of his real nature. This is the way the husband and wife talk, in the privacy of their bed:

> "Your God," says Jabez, "is warm; he is sentimental. A tea cosy at a woman's party."
> "And thy God, Jabez?"
> "My God lives in the darkest heart of the storm, the jaws of the shark, the rip of lightning and the hard eyes of a black woman who is being raped . . . by me, by your fine husband, Quaker woman, even on this last voyage and on many an isle where we stopped for water and turtles. The last one was black as a squid's anger and her skin was oily smooth . . ."

If this be stark realism, let us make the most of it!

It seems that Jabez's nature had been warped by some cataclysmic emotional experience on his first voyage, at the age of fifteen. What this devastating experience was, which turned him into a man of vindictive cruelty and demonic hatred, is kept a secret until the latter part of the book, and by that time the reader is beginning to say to himself: "This had better be pretty good, whatever it is."

—*Marcus Blechman*

Nancy Bruff's novel "is enough to make honestly talented young writers wonder just what literary merit has to do with success of a book...."

But when the secret is finally exposed, it doesn't seem worth the panting, fervid build-up it has received. However, for Miss Bruff's purposes it serves as the motive for Jabez's behavior.

Piety, his wife, whose one claim to Quakerism seems to be that she says Thee instead of You, finally leaves his roof and supports herself and the two children of their union. But she never escapes the implacable Jabez, who returns periodically from his voyages and continues his relentless persecution. The two children, Luke, with music in his heart, and Saffron of the tawny hair and gold-flecked eyes, grow up and solve their emotional problems in their own ways: Saffron by marrying a young man who, though he doesn't understand the poetic depths of her nature, offers her a refuge from the spiritual abyss on which her feet are trembling; Luke by running off with a half-caste woman, leaving a note which says succinctly: "I've gone to seek out a new music in the dissonant color of a tropical island." The half-caste, Flowery Shrine, had been a servant in the Folger household, whom Piety was trying to bring up as a Christian. But Flowery Shrine was warm and lovely and made for love, and all the time that she was nursemaid to little Luke and Saffron she was Jabez's mistress. That Luke, grown to manhood, should run away with a woman twice his age, his old nurse and his father's ex-mistress, presents a problem in psychology to which Miss Bruff, to say the least, does not do justice.

How Jabez's demon finally brings about his ruin, but how he is at last spiritually freed from its clutches, is told in a violent climax to a plot of such turbulence and implausibility that if it were not so obvious that the author is in deadly earnest it would seem a burlesque. The odd thing, unfortunately, is not that the "gentle, demure daughter of old New England" could write such a book, but that it should ever have been seriously presented to the public.

A Wish for the Well Loved

By Roberta Meyers

SLEEP if you can. God give you lullaby
And lay a penny on that Inward Eye,
And shroud your antic flesh in linen's cool.
Be love's and music's fool.
If women do not wake you with their moan,
Sleep in their flesh as though it were your own.
If music drowse you with its mazed round,
Then dance until you fall into the ground.
If any medicine assuage your ill
Drink it, as I do, but lie still, lie still.

For every springing pity while you wake
A thousand jangling others jar and break.
For every hand of tenderness you stretch
Strikes in its passage some bedeviled wretch,
And huddling teeth to throat, a tangled mob,
Lovers must murder and the good must rob.
But once the latches, Eye and Hunger, lock,
Life will not stir us with its thunder shock
And you and I will fall apart and find
Some wizardry of slumber to our mind.

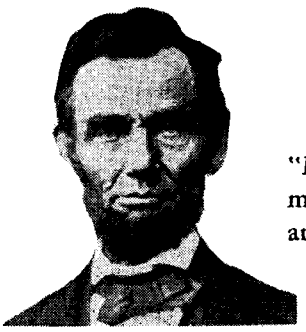
And so I wish you sheets as cold as leaves,
And nightingales whom day as well bereaves,
And innocence that loves the dead and young,
And hemlock on your tongue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMING NOVEMBER 19

LINCOLN, THE PRESIDENT

from Springfield to Gettysburg



By J. G. RANDALL

"The fullest, clearest and most accurate portrait of Lincoln in the critical years of the Civil War." —ALLAN NEVINS

"More than a trained historian's life masterpiece . . . a superbly documented and annotated portrait narrative." —CARL SANDBURG

"Displays rare insight and understanding. Turns tough facts . . . into living prose . . . will stand the corrosive test of time." —CHARLES A. BEARD

Profusely illustrated • *Two volumes, boxed.* $7.50

THE LOST WOODS

Adventures of a Naturalist

By EDWIN WAY TEALE

The author of the unforgettable *Dune Boy, Grassroot Jungles* and *Near Horizons* describes further delightful excursions into the world of animals, insects, birds, reptiles—adventures of an inquiring mind that carry the reader into the heart of a cloud, along the trail of Thoreau, up desolate streams in the Everglades. *With 200 superb photographs.* $4.00

THE BEST PLAYS

of 1944-45

Edited by BURNS MANTLE

Includes, by excerpt and summary, *The Glass Menagerie, The Late George Apley, A Bell for Adano, The Hasty Heart, I Remember Mama, Soldier's Wife, Dear Ruth, Harvey, Anna Lucasta,* and *Foolish Notion.* Also a mine of information on casts, plot digests, performances, etc. *With stage photographs.* $3.00

UNBIDDEN GUESTS

A Book of Real Ghosts

By WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS

A collection of real ghost stories, each of which is an actual experience. Many of them have never been in print before, although famous ghost tales of history are included also. A fascinating company, by turns gentle and grim, friendly and frightening, and all of them genuine ghosts. $3.00

At all bookstores

DODD, MEAD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poetry of War and Peace

FIVE RIVERS. By Norman Nicholson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 96 *pp.* $2.

TAPS IS NOT ENOUGH. By Carl Carmer. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1945. 12 *pp.* $1.

SOMEWHAT BARBARIC. By Ralph Chaplin. Seattle: The Dogwood Press. 1945. 95 *pp.* $3.50.

A PART OF VERMONT. By Genevieve Taggard. East Jamaica, Vt.: The River Press. 1945. 23 *pp.*

FAR FROM THE LAND. By James Monahan. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 37 *pp.* $1.25.

VERSES. Memorial of His Wife. By Carl Sterling Clifton. New Haven: The Whaples-Bullis Company. 1945. 47 *pp.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

The kestrel, there, shall eat haws
like the throstle,
The owl, like the goldfinch shall
feed on the thistle,
The stoat shall eat grass like the
hare.
In the becks the pike shall play with
the trout,
The stickle shall swim beneath the
heron's feet.
Nothing shall be hurtful there.
In that holy mountain like the sun
the Word
Shall shine on rock and beast and
tree,
For the earth shall be full of the
knowledge of the Lord
As the waters cover the sea.

WHEN one comes upon devotional poetry like that, it is an unusual experience in this age! The quotation is from a long poem of Mr. Nicholson's "The Holy Mountain." There is the same remarkable vigor and fervor in his "The Bow in the Cloud." This poet also excels in description of landscape throughout England, from Wordsworth-country to Wales; and in "The Council of the Seven Deadly Sins" he proves himself a master of irony. He is certainly on the side of the angels. And how sure is his draughtsman hand:

The last clinkers of sunset are
strewn on the hill;
The mist is blown about the town
like smoke.
Girls stand in the street in the
brown dusk
Talking to soldiers, and the swifts
still
Wire their screaming spirals round
the market clock.

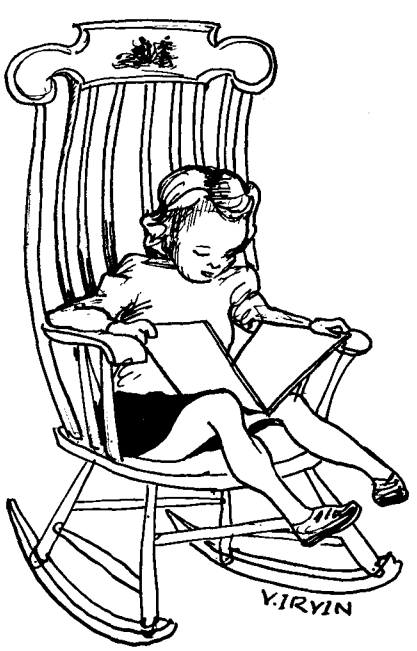
All the geese are not out of the boat, to be sure. English poets,like American, will juxtapose esses—"Girls stand," "swifts still"—something that sets Gallic teeth on edge; but here I chiefly draw attention to a genius for the pictorial. We have no difficulty in *seeing* with Mr. Nicholson. And I must repeat that he seems to carry coals of fire on his tongue when he can casually say such things as

Even the conqueror of dragons, even
the sinner
Who bursts from the root of his sin
like a tree on fire.

A remarkable book, rich and full-blooded. I have hardly revealed a tithe of those riches.

There is a new kind of poetry today, that which meets the demands made by radio. The publishers of Carl Carmer's "Taps Is Not Enough" distinguish its characteristic as "that it should be immediately accessible at a single hearing to the listener who cannot refer again to a previous passage or hesitate at will over an involved image." Mr. Carmer has had much practice as a radio commentator. He has, in the past, written better poetry than this; but what is conveyed in this brief book is good propaganda for an active peace. It can be read and immediately understood by everyone. And it should be read.

Years ago, in the last war, a man was imprisoned for speaking against war, and championed by an eminent American sociologist. That man wrote a remarkable poem in prison, "Mourn Not the Dead." His name was Ralph Chaplin. Now I have his most recent book of poems, lyrics and sonnets. There is some good stuff here. There is also some less good. But rather than analyze closely, I will quote the following strong statement:



TO FREEDOM

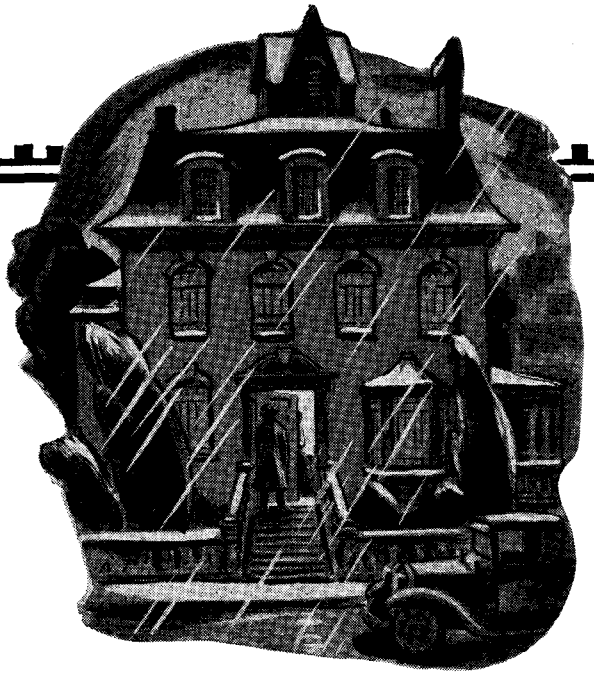
Up on the "lookout" in the wind and
sleet,
Out in the woods of fire and spruce
and pine,
Down in the hot stopes of the drip-
ping mine
We dreamed of you and Oh, the
dream was sweet!
And now you bless the felon food we
eat
And make each iron cell a sacred
shrine;
For when your love thrills in the
blood like wine
The very stones grow holy to our
feet.
We shall be faithful though we
march with Death
And singing storm the battlements
of Wrong,
For life is such a little thing to
give.
So we shall fight as long as we have
breath—
Love in our hearts and on our lips
a song—
Without you it were better not to
live!

Genevieve Taggard, often a courageous fighter for freedom in her poetry, has gathered together a few poems concerning her favorite part of Vermont where she lives much of the time at Gilfeather. Vermont is a state wild and beautiful, and the poems have its flavor. A lyric like "Gilfeather Again" is of exceptional beauty. The poet shows us the wind and storms as well as the sun, the crystal frost as well as the languor of summer. The falling of the flier in flames is depicted unforgettably. The last two poems, "Dialogue on Cider" and "Delight," have unusual charm. "Invisible thrush with delicate throat" is a line of Miss Taggard's that might describe her in this book.

There is something rather akin to her style in some of the poetry of the young English soldier who was on the *Manchester Guardian* before he "joined up," and became a commando officer, James Monahan. Though his poetry is not in the same boat with Norman Nicholson's, he has his own originality, and in his title poem he also shows a fine gift for description. His poem "Ghosts," concerning an Air Forces superstition, has stayed with me. A slight book but a good one.

Mr. Clifton's memorial poems to his wife are too intimate to touch with the rough hand of criticism. He acknowledges the help, in collecting them, of an admirable poet, John Hall Wheelock. The strangest, visionary one is of a dream, "Seen from on High"; a personal experience that the author conveys hauntingly.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A powerful novel of a man who played for high stakes and the son he loved but could not reach

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY

by Edward Harris Heth

"An unusual combination of swift, sure story-telling and fine characterization."—*New York Post*

"For intense narration alone, for compact story-telling, full of suspense, *Any Number Can Play* is a book that gets under your skin and stays there."–*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"The story is dynamic and tense; it moves with increasing tempo to culminate in a crescendo of great power and stirring drama."
—*New York Sun*

"... authentic in atmosphere ... unsparingly realistic in detail ... adroit and mature ... swift and arresting."—*New York Times*

A Harper "Find"

At all bookstores • $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mirror of Beauty

POEMS 1920-1945. By David Morton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 210 *pp.* $2.75.

SHELLS BY A STREAM. By Edmund Blunden. London: The Macmillan Co., Ltd. 1945. 60 *pp.* $1.75.

COLLECTED POEMS of Sylvia Lynd. London: The Macmillan Co., Ltd. 1945. 99 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by
LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

DAVID MORTON, probably the foremost American nature lyricist in the years of 1920-1945, has taken from all his poems nearly three hundred, some out of earlier volumes, some unpublished, and made this long, undivided sequence so thematically unified that without even the noticeable changes which seasons make, or weather, there is a merging and blending one into the other of love, nature, and the poet conscious of his own creating process. The book in its entirety leaves much the same impression which a single poem would—of gentle sadness, almost of a passing bell. Although so many poems are of spring, the note of fall reverberates the longer, and we, with him, must keep remembering

Nothing is broken here
That will not mend—
This is the turn of the year,
Not the world's end.

Of the few poems humanly objective, some do not bear dwelling upon, for, as in "Cronies," under the shining simplicity which the eye can take so easily, lies a sadness which the heart would rather not receive:

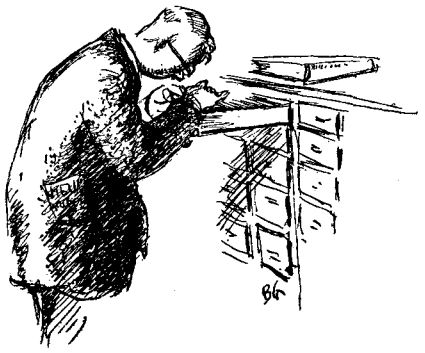
He is an old man;
He has nearly done
With every sort of plan
Save only one;

To move his chair, merely,
With the moving sun
Who is his friend, and nearly
His only one.

Love runs through the book, in all its muted sections present and besought. But what remains most strongly with the reader is the poet himself, as poet, conscious of the beauty of the world, gently, inexorably slipping from him while he tries to capture it complete. And for any success he may have he lays the wreath on song itself:

Sorrow . . . maybe . . . or love,
The song was dreaming of . . .
And who so wise as she
In tricks of theft and borrow,
Who learns a way to be
Herself, the sound of sorrow,
Herself, the shape of love!

It is always a pleasure to have new work from Edmund Blunden. These fifty-four poems have been written since 1940 when the second volume of his "Collected Poems" appeared. There is always something of the old and grand about his writing—something recalling an early England and an early world. These poems are a continuation of his earlier work, with no diminuendo, no postscript sound. Here is the same full-blooded love of English country and its villages; its writing men to all of whom he is a brother. There are mines of metal in the poems



—deep, sudden shafts, dark veins. Nostalgia and the change it presupposes is, speaking very generally, the burden of his work. One could say many things of Blunden, who has had for a score of years or more his own distinctive niche in British letters. Let one poem, called "Ornamental Water," speak instead:

Limned in the lake the rosy portraiture
Of the great house on the rise through reed and bough
Seems still to announce that times are as they were,
Though no bright group descends the terrace now;
The boat mud-foundered, the dry sluice allow
There's no youth coming home with joy this year,
The arbor's rankness hopes for no sweet vow
Sighed out as once within its shelter dear.

Weed-woven the shallowing pool, once pleasure's pride,
Returns to ancient use, the cattle's drink;
The fallen oak-leaves and pale bubbles glide
Over their clear-swept haven at the brink;
The bubbles make sharp stars run over the bed
Of silver sand, brave meteors—sudden-dead.

This has his combination of tradition and sometimes rough technique; his brusque courage in the face of being called a sentimentalist. His work itself is "ornamental water," mirroring an England of the still shaped and visible past.

Some poets leave the feeling of a personality rather than a poet: Sylvia Lynd, whose poems have now been gotten together in collected form, is one of these. A very busy and a very happy woman emerges, to whom poetry is not all. We know, of course, that she is also essayist and critic, the wife of a well-known English editor, but it is some lilt in the verse itself which makes the nature of the life apparent—something breathless, preoccupied, and smiling; smiling at other things than do appear. Over this life of hers the poems are a running embroidery, not the cloth itself.

The selections are from all her books of verse and "The Yellow Placard" and "The Enemies" are given in full. There is much charm here, much fancy, a great grace of expression, and sometimes a sudden flick upon the quick of feeling, especially in poems of the recent times, which, in spite of a certain fairy-story quality, she seldom loses sight of. In writing of herself, she is apt to be too private; in the universal themes she is best. As in "R.A.F., 1940":

. . . Instead of Bear, or Wain, or Plough,
Splendid to see in night's great dome,
Give to those stars a new name now,
Call them the Squadron Flying Home.

And "Sweeter than Honey":

Oh, is it Peace? the young child said,
Seeing the light across the Green.
Oh, is it Peace, that square of light,
Where always night has been?
A lighted window in the gloom
Like honey in a honeycomb?

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 126

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 126 *will be found in the next issue.*

WTXWCT IUX ULFT VX

ITLBVTZZTZ LYT ATYYNRCT;

AUTYT NZ VX ILE XS ALBNVP

LKFLVALPT XS AUTD.

—AUT KLGPUATY XS

MCTDTVANVT.

—LVLAXCT SYLVMT.

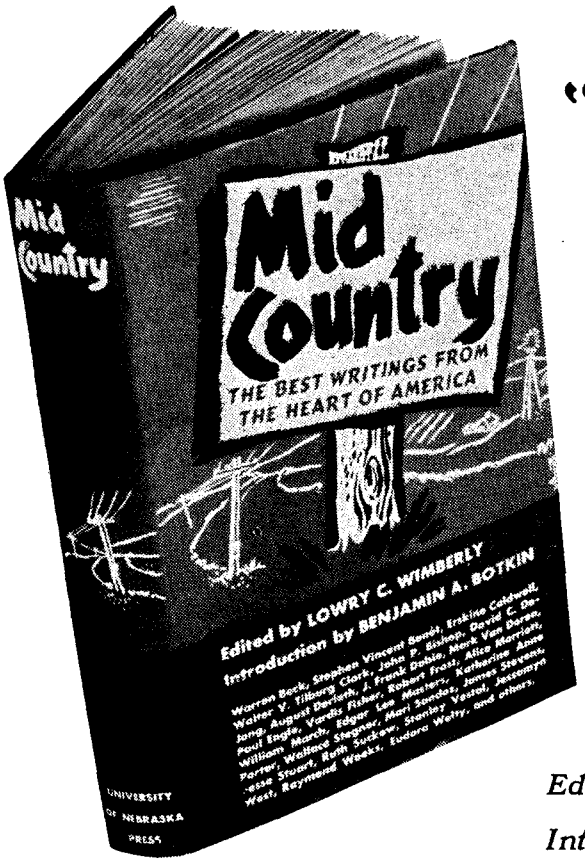
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 125

THE IGNORANT MAN ALWAYS ADORES WHAT HE CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

—THE MAN OF GENIUS.

—CESARE LOMBROSO.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Mid Country
THE BEST WRITINGS FROM THE HEART OF AMERICA
Edited by LOWRY C. WIMBERLY
Introduction by BENJAMIN A. BOTKIN
UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA PRESS

"Here you have the taste and feel and lusty flavor of a great area."

—VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World-Herald*

Edited by **LOWRY C. WIMBERLY**

Introduction by **BENJAMIN A. BOTKIN**

FROM the pages of a score of regional magazines including *Poetry*, the *Prairie Schooner*, the *Southwest Review*, *Accent*, *American Prefaces*, and the *Midland and Frontier*, Lowry C. Wimberly has collected seventy-eight stories, poems, and sketches of life in the heart of America. The Nebraska Sandhills are here in a piece by Mari Sandoz; J. Frank Dobie has contributed a selection on the legends of the Texas cattle country; James Stevens gives a robust picture of the Northwest lumberman; the Oklahoma Indians are spoken for by Alice Marriott; the Southern Negro-white relationship is presented in a short story by Caroline Gordon; the characters in "The Buck in the Hills" by Walter Van Tilburg Clark and Ruth Suckow's "A Rural Community" are as real as the places in which they live. Every region that is part of the vast middle of the continent can be found in *Mid-Country*, whether in the humor of tall tales or the touching simplicity of unsung heroism.

- "A book that is alive and readable from cover to cover."—*Dallas News*
- "An eminently readable anthology."—JOHN T. FLANAGAN, *Chicago Sun*
- "A feast of good writing."—*Chicago Tribune*

Some of the seventy-eight writers who have contributed to MID-COUNTRY.

Warren Beck	Walter V. Tilburg Clark	Vardis Fisher	Katherine Anne Porter	Ruth Suckow
Stephen Vincent Benet	August Derleth	Robert Frost	Mari Sandoz	Allen Tate
John Peale Bishop	J. Frank Dobie	William March	Wallace Stegner	Stanley Vestal
Erskine Caldwell	Mark Van Doren	Alice Marriott	James Stevens	Eudora Welty
	Paul Engle	Edgar Lee Masters	Jesse Stuart	

Published by the UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA PRESS

Distributed by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 432 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16

THOMAS Y. Crowell COMPANY

$3.50 at all bookstores

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Evolving Forms of Freedom

ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEEN-EIGHTIES; TOWARD A SOCIAL BASIS FOR FREEDOM. By Helen Merrill Lynd. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 430 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by NORMAN ANGELL

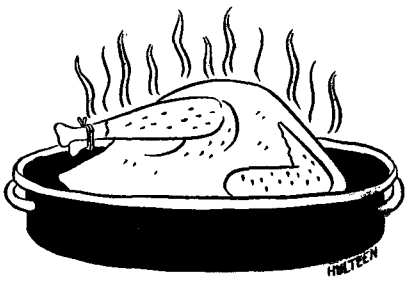
THIS book, if properly used, can afford good source material for those who would like their planning to be based on experience upon examination of the actual social results given by various approaches, the "gradualist" or evolutionary say, as compared with the revolutionary; who really want to know how far the power and authority of the State can be used for welfare without sacrifice of political and spiritual freedoms, and want to examine in the light of fact and event how best "negative" freedom—freedom from restraint—can be expanded into such positive freedoms as freedom from want and economic insecurity and its accompanying anxieties. Mrs. Lynd seems to have chosen the eighteen-eighties as marking broadly the end of one epoch and the beginning of another. She quotes Winston Churchill, writing of that period:

> The long dominion of the middle classes which had begun in 1832 had come to its close, and with it the almost equal reign of liberalism. The great victories had been won. All sorts of lumbering tyrannies had been toppled over. Authority was everywhere broken. Slaves were free. Conscience was free. Trade was free. But hunger and squalor and cold were also free and the people demanded something more than liberty.

Although the book is an examination of English experience in this period, the relevance to changes which may be taking place in America today is at times very striking. Note the following:

> If it be said that this is communism, the answer is that it is not. If it be said that it is legislation with a social tendency, the impeachment may readily be admitted. Between such legislation and communism there is all the difference in the world. Communism means . . . the destruction of private adventure, the paralysis of private industry, the atrophy of private effort. The socialist measures now contemplated would preserve in their normal vigor and freshness all the individual activities of our country's citizenship and would do nothing more spoliatory than tax—in what degree necessary—aggregations of wealth for the good of the community.

It might be Henry Wallace not long ago, justifying his program before the Senate Committee. It happens to be a quotation from Joseph Chamberlain, writing in the England of 1884, that is to say, just sixty years ago. It is passages like this which prompt the publishers to point out that Mrs. Lynd's book shows how some of the social experiments initiated in America under the New Deal were undertaken in England at the end of the last century and that changes in life and thought in England often precede, sometimes by half a century, the similar changes in America. The book throughout indicates the general nature and method of that change. Sometimes the English reformers talked violent revolution. "We denounced the capitalists as thieves at the Industrial Remuneration Conference, and among



ourselves talked revolution, anarchism, labor notes versus passbooks, and all the rest of it," wrote G. B. Shaw, telling of those times. And all this, he said, was designed "to bring about a tremendous smash-up of existing society, to be succeeded by complete socialism." But, as Mrs. Lynd points out, what actually happened under the inspiration of Shaw and the guidance of Sidney Webb and the influence of the Fabian Society was something very different indeed: gradualism, peaceful permeation, the avoidance of revolution, the putting of sheer theory into the background in favor of concentration upon the next step. Compromise became not an offense but a virtue by which things more concrete than the building up of symmetrical theories were achieved. As Sidney Webb put it, there was "danger in having a single hypothesis or far-reaching theory because these cannot be tested by facts." Bold hypotheses, Marxian or other, came to be regarded as handicaps to be counteracted by multiplying and testing actual measures of industrial democracy. And in the drive towards the new social order in Britain the need for democratic method was put repeatedly into the foreground.

How does the author judge the result in terms of achievement of the "positive" freedoms? She finds obvious difficulty in giving a black or white answer. Thus, when she passes judgment on education in Britain, she writes:

> British education in the nineteenth century served as a means of personal security and of control on the part of the ruling class

But the sentence doesn't end there. It ends thus:

> and as an instrument for securing freedom on the part of the ruled.

The paragraph goes on indeed, telling us that education was a means of preserving established belief; adding, however, that it was also a means of spreading new ideas.

Similarly, she makes her final verdict conditional and contingent: "If we regard it as a genuine sign of desirable social change that the leader of the Conservative Party and the Coalition Government"—otherwise Winston Churchill—should agree that the modern state will increasingly concern itself with the economic well-being of the nation and declare him and his colleagues to be "strong partisans of compulsory national insurance for all classes for all purposes from the cradle to the grave," then, she says, "we may view the eighties as the beginning of a strong people's movement which is bringing England nearer to the beginning of a better world for men." But, adds the author, if we regard such a statement as "only an ill-fitting mask for further absorption by the ruling class of labor and the aims of the people," then we may be inclined to agree with Laski "that the eighties was the bourgeoisification of labor and the abolition of a genuine working class movement."

But many readers will feel that such an answer begs or evades questions involved. The answer surely is to be found in an evaluation of the actual social results (in terms of such things as housing, sickness, and unemployment insurance, maternity benefits, old-age pensions, a rising standard of living generally) achieved under the bourgeois or evolutionary, democratic method pursued by Britain, and the results achieved in those fields in cases where more revolutionary or totalitarian and less democratic methods have been followed. The building up of a widely extended social security system is not a "mask," and no working class movement can be "genuine" unless it achieves those things and, while doing so, preserves the right of the working class at least to know and discuss the facts upon the basis of which a ruling bureaucracy decides their fate. Our purpose is not to secure the capture of governmental power and authority for an abstract social theory irrespective of the results of its application in terms of human welfare. It is to secure human welfare irrespective of the doctrines in the books.

In judging of the English method of gradualness, provisional compromise, step-by-step progress, avoiding

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now look here, Pop—
or Mom—or Mom 'n' Pop—

LOOK HERE:

YOU MAY not think of yourself as an especially "literary" person.

But there are some books which are a part of you.

These are the books which you once read with whoops (or squeals) of delight when you were a child; and which you have grown up with.

These books form a large portion of the things-you-know; and also, by golly, they are things-you-know which you are proud to let people know that you know.

When somebody casually refers to somebody else as "my man Friday," you think of Robinson Crusoe.

When some convivial neighbor begins to chant of fifteen men who seem to be astride a dead man's chest (*yo-heave*-Ho *and a bottle of* rum), you think immediately of young Jim Hawkins scared stiff on the *Hispaniola* as the buccaneers chant the song on the way to Treasure Island.

When somebody dismisses another person's action as having been "just so much sour grapes," your mind flits over *Aesop's Fables* and remembers with satisfaction The Fox and the Grapes.

Robinson Crusoe; Treasure Island; Aesop's Fables; Gulliver's Travels and *Alice in Wonderland; Tom Sawyer* and *Andersen's Fairy Tales:*

You may not have read them all. But, if you didn't read some of them when you were young, you are certainly sorry for that fact now—and glad for those you did read.

Castor Oil, a painting by *Norman Rockwell* from *Tom Sawyer*

FOR NOW YOU ARE the parent of a small girl, or of a small boy; or, you lucky stiff, of both. Now you have children, let us say: and you want them to read these books. You want your children to steal Through the Looking-glass into Wonderland with Alice; and, with Alice and the Red Queen, to keep running with all of their might in order to stay in the same place. You want your children to float down the Mississippi on the raft which holds Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer; to visit the giants of Brobdingnag, and the midgets of Lilliput, with Gulliver on his travels; to sneer at old Scrooge 'til he hears the chimes of *A Christmas Carol. . . .*

Yes, there is no doubt that you want your children to own the great books of literature, to own the books which they are to grow up with.

It is important!

BUT THERE IS A POINT of even greater importance, to which we want you to give careful consideration now, as a result of the plea that you look here, Pop-&-Mom:

You *must not* give these books to your children in tasteless, badly-illustrated, badly-printed editions.

You want your children to know what good taste is, and to use it in all the things they do as they reach maturity.

Golden Afternoon, a water-color by *Arthur Rackham* from *The Wind in the Willows*

TO DO THIS, you have to surround them with tasteful things while they are young. Your home must be tastefully arranged, the furniture must be handsome and well constructed, the pictures on the wall must be good pictures, the dishes out of which they eat their food must be dishes of good shape & design and tastefully decorated.

Similarly, it is important that your children be permitted to read the great works of literature in handsome editions, illustrated and designed with good taste.

So that is why this announcement is being printed:

The Directors of The Limited Editions Club, who are possibly the most famous creators of beautiful books in the world today, and who have been distributing beautiful books to that Club's members for nearly twenty years, have decided to launch The Junior Heritage Club.

The members of The Junior Heritage Club will be children; no person of more than fifteen years may join.

To these young people, The Junior Heritage Club will distribute the great classics of literature: imaginatively illustrated by the great illustrators of the world; designed by the world's great typographers for reading by children; well printed on fine papers; and staunchly bound.

All of the know-how which has gone into the making of The Limited Editions Club's beautiful books will be poured into the making of these books. *But—the price for each book, for a member, will be only $1.75!*

Please fill out the coupon below, to ask us to send you a copy of a handsome illustrated Prospectus in which the twelve books of the First Series are depicted and described. While you are studying it, a Charter Membership will be reserved for the lucky young person to whom you are thinking of presenting this Membership.

Reservation of Membership

to THE JUNIOR HERITAGE CLUB
595 Madison Avenue, New York 22

PLEASE RESERVE a Charter Membership for

_____
[*print the prospective member's name*]

and send me a copy of the descriptive Prospectus which will give us complete details. I understand that you will reserve this Charter Membership until we can have had time to study the Prospectus and then advise you whether we want to have these books.

_____
NAME: PARENT, GUARDIAN OR OTHER ADULT

_____
ADDRESS

_____
CITY SR2

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the bitterness and strain of class war, we have, after all, certain achievements as the basis of our judgment: a more far-reaching social security system than that achieved elsewhere (except in other British communities like New Zealand where the same method has been followed), and this achieved without the sacrifice of political democracy, the essential elements of which have been preserved in the midst of a war which placed the British communities in mortal danger. It is open, of course, to declare, as Mr. Laski does, that the more revolutionary, absolutist method would have given still better results. But, again, if we test that proposition by such results as we have, we see the Russian communities sacrificing the whole political side of democracy—right of organized opposition to government, free speech, free press, parliamentary control of the administration—for the purposes of the material economic achievement, and, at that, not securing a general standard of living which begins to compare with that of the American and British democracies.

Why should the "bourgeoisification" of labor be regarded as a mark of its failure? Why should the fact that trade Union leaders become Cabinet Ministers and organized labor takes over the government (as has been happening in England), while leaving certain elements of the older system undisturbed, be regarded as "aborting" a genuine working class movement? Are such members of the British Government as Ernest Bevin, Herbert Morrison, Ellen Wilkinson, all coming from the working class, whose acts can be and are challenged and criticized in a popularly elected parliament, any more "bourgeois" than the members of the dictatorship-controlled bureaucracy of Moscow, a bureaucracy which possesses life-and-death powers not subject to any effective public criticism, about whose acts indeed the people are at times kept in complete ignorance? Indeed the actual experience of the revolutionary, absolutist method in Russia throws further light on the comparative value of the two approaches, for Russia having started with the revolutionary had to come back to the gradualist method in the shape of the New Economic Policy, and we have Lenin's word for it that it would have been better to have begun with that policy rather than to have begun with the clean sweep and then to have put together from the sweepings the parts of the older system which the first revolutionary ardor had prompted them to destroy.

But the real question touching the value of the two methods goes deeper still. Any desirable social order, as well as political democracy (in itself a social good), has to be defended both from internal and external enemies: from the violence of internal minorities with an itch for dictatorship and external dictatorships with an itch for conquest. How does the gradualist compare with the revolutionary method when tested by the effectiveness of defense against those dangers? In the last twenty-five years we have seen Germany dominated by its most evil minority (or, if you will, surrendering itself to that minority). We have seen Italy go through a similar experience; Spain become subject to a minority; Latin American states, after a century of revolution, counter-revolution, counter-counter-revolution, still fail to achieve democracy; Russia sacrifice political democracy on behalf of a material well-being not yet achieved; France become the victim of a Vichy Government, presumably not supported by the people as a whole. Yet in all these countries the revolutionary temper or idea was more dominant than in America or the British nations.

Even Germany abolished all her royal dynasties after the last war; republicanism and Communism were very strong in Italy (Mussolini himself being a violent ex-Socialist); all the Spanish nations, whether of the Old or New World, are ardently republican and revolutionary in mood. Similarly Russia, similarly France. Yet none of them has shown the steady, unswerving resistance to Fascism, Nazism, collaborationism, shown by the much criticized "bourgeois" British nations—Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Canada. We are told that Vichy collaborationism was the work of the two hundred families. But Britain too had her two hundred families. We have indeed heard a good deal of them under the term "Cliveden Set." But when the hour of decision came for Britain to go on alone or surrender, British democracy did not take its orders from the two hundred families, the Cliveden Set. Perhaps that set, if it ever existed, never thought of giving such orders.

In any case, there was no Vichy Government, no powerful elements that preferred collaboration with Hitler to sharing the power of government with trade-union leaders and working-class elements.

Whatever it was that produced the instinct of defense and the dogged determination to maintain it extended to the British communities overseas that had inherited the same political and social temper—the Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. Is it of no import in considering the social basis of freedom that a Canada should have joined the fight against Nazism from the very first moment, while an Argentina manifests strong pro-Nazi tendencies even to the very last moment?

An important labor conference in Mexico some months ago passed unanimously a resolution that Britain, in the interests of democracy, should "immediately grant Canada her independence," which seemed to imply that those who proposed the resolution did not regard Canada as having achieved the degree of democracy attained by Latin American republics.

We cannot begin to weigh the factors involved in this problem of finding reconciliation between liberty and authority, positive and negative freedom, until we have asked such questions as why Britain did not go Vichyite like France or Fascist like Germany, Italy, Spain, and some proportion of the Latin American republics; or become, in its struggle for social security, a dictatorship as Russia has become. Why should the fact that Britain did not go either Fascist or Vichyite be taken so completely for granted? The things which explain why she did not constitute precisely those questions obviously relevant to the preservation of a free and humane civilization; they are of the essence of the problem discussed in this book and must be weighed in any evaluation of the gradualist and evolutionary, as opposed to the absolutist and revolutionary, method.

The serious student might well consider the story told in this book side by side with the story told by Frederick Hayek (born Austrian) in his book, "The Road to Serfdom"; and the story told by Manya Gordon (born Russian) in her book, "How to Tell Progress from Reaction." Manya Gordon's book concludes with the statement: "In the post-war era the leadership in social reform and labor legislation will go to England and, in a lesser degree, to the United States. And this time there will be no tampering with democracy. Labor will have both security and freedom." The Austrian and the Russian usefully supplement the account of the American.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

"Entrancing..." "Captivating..." "Beautiful..."

Immortal Village

By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

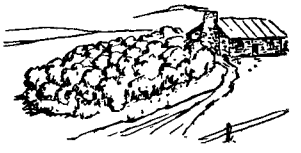
With 12 superb woodblock illustrations by PAUL LANDACRE

"ENTRANCING" says *Sterling North* of this exquisite book which discerning readers have made a bestseller.

"CAPTIVATING . . . these pages have a piquancy, an insight, and a poetry of their own", says the *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review* of this gallant story of the little Riviera town of Vence—repeatedly destroyed and rebuilt through 2,000 years, but as eternal as Europe itself.

"BEAUTIFUL", says the *Cleveland Press,* ". . . here is the story of mankind, told by an author who writes with the charm of the mature poet. This book justifies one's faith in man, and in man's destiny." *Limited, signed edition, $7.50; regular edition, $2.75*

TALKING TO THE MOON



By JOHN JOSEPH MATHEWS. The story of prairie life through twelve Indian moons. A new book in the tradition of Thoreau's *Walden* by the author of *Wah'-Kon-Tah.* "The kind of book you go back to again and again for slow reading and savoring."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.* Decorations by *Paul B. Sears.* *$3.00*

WHEN DEMOCRACY BUILDS

By FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT. The first complete exposition of the celebrated architect's plan for decentralizing our cities. "A spirited, enthusiastic attack on the American machine-made way of life."—*New Yorker.*
Revised edition, illustrated, $4.00

THE RUSSIA I BELIEVE IN

By SAMUEL N. HARPER. A monumental chronicle of 40 years of Russian history, through tsarism, revolution, and war. "A delight . . . We see the great story of modern Russia through the eyes of a skilled and honest observer."—*Chicago Sun.*
$3.50

Available wherever books are sold

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS,
5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL HITS—
ALL HARPER'S

E. B. WHITE'S
STUART LITTLE

EDWARD WEEKS says: "*Stuart Little* is a dream book. Children dreaming of its minute hero, and parents who have reread it aloud for the *n*th time will still chortle as they find new glints of E. B. White's matchless humor... This story is the quintessence of American humor, a lovely stretch of exaggeration."
—*Atlanitc Monthly*

With 87 illustrations by Garth Williams.
$2.00

THE UNQUIET GRAVE
by PALINURUS
(Cyril Connolly)

EDMUND WILSON says: "I have found these pages among the most interesting, as they are among the best written, that have been published in English during the war... We ought all to be grateful that one good writer has written a true natural history of his wartime morale."—*The New Yorker.* $2.50

THE PET SHOP
by
GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

EDWARD SHELDON says of this parable in play-form: "Dr. Eckstein has given us in brilliantly original form his summing-up of the past ten years... amusing, ironic, exciting and thoroughly human... it makes excellent reading and could not come at a more opportune time." $2.00

At all bookstores

HARPER

The Glory That Was

PLANTATION PARADE. By Harnett Kane. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1945. 342 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

HARDLY any American has done so complete a job in the portrait of his state as Harnett Kane of Louisiana. Few Americans have such a state to portray. Mr. Kane began first with the hard, modern politics of Huey Long. He has written since about the old and modern life of a bilingual state along the bayous of the Acadian country and in the deep delta country below New Orleans. Now, with beauty, grace, feeling, and humor, he has described that plantation country above the old

city where the tall columns still stand even where grandeur has been succeeded by the bats and the owls.

Mr. Kane has undertaken no archeological expedition. He is no mere architect measuring facades and catching the turn of a winding stair. He has written not only about great houses but about people who once moved in grandeur, sometimes with grace also, within them. And in contemplation of the biggest houses built after sugar became a big business on the land, he has not forgotten the more modest but not always less graceful plantation houses which were built for a "maximum of comfort and a minimum of perspiration" of the people who lived within them.

There is the material for a whole shelf of historical novels in "Plantation Parade." And most of us, I think, will be more interested in the human beings who lived in the houses and the dramatic and often tragic lives they led than in the houses which decorated the period of their parade. The Valcours, the Bringiers, the Colombs, the de Ternants, the Parlanges, the Prestons, the Burnsides, the Erwins, Creoles, and Yankees are all people out of history and ready to move without change into historical fiction. Mr. Kane has not neglected their great houses or their magnificent gardens but, with people, he has made houses the living things houses are made to be. Even such beautiful mansions as Oak Alley, Valcour Aimé, Houmas, Ashland, and Woodlawn were built and remain as backgrounds in pretentiousness, pride, or grace for people, even if at last some of them became only barns in which the future stored its hay.

The book is illustrated with a good collection of pictures of the old houses, but good as it is, it seems a little unfortunate. Black and white pictures of what is left of the past are disillusioning beside Kane's vivid prose. The prose seems more true. Time and a photographer are not the artists to take the photograph of the great ghosts of old grandeur. It is Harnett Kane's gift that he has made the old, grand folk and their great houses seem as real as the little, strange, gentle, and tough living folk of Louisiana.

In the Web of Suspense

NONE SO BLIND. By Mitchell Wilson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 198 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. L. NORTH

MR. WILSON has turned this once (not for the last time, we hope) from the mystery story to the novel, and he has brought with him much of the equipment that served him well before. The debits and credits are pretty plain. "None So Blind" has all the plotted tautness and the mounting action of the good thriller; it has also the two flat dimensions. There is little development, no penetration of character, and, more important, there is nothing else in the story but its central problem. That is what puts the whodunit stamp so plainly upon it.

Tod Butler is blind and sinister. His wife Peggy, a fascinating and fatal beauty, is evidently in fear of him, and in need of help. To her comes Lieutenant Scott Burnett of the beach patrol. He is drawn first by interest, then by passion, to unravel her mystery and perhaps win her for himself. The plot winds tightly about these three to the unbearable bursting point.

There is no denying the skill with which tension is projected here; the final switch of accent, the illuminating second solution after a first has seemed clear, is in the very best mystery story tradition. It makes a strong, exciting story, and it suggests as an afterthought that there is little point in quarreling with Mr. Wilson (as we seemed to be some sentences above) for doing what he can do very well.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Democratic Faith

FREEDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY IN THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE. By Carl L. Becker. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. *pp. xlii,* 122 *plus index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

THE admirers of Carl Becker will turn eagerly to this his posthumous pronouncement, and they will not be turned empty away. Those unfamiliar with the several studies of democracy written by this valiant defender of the faith may start with these lectures, but they should also be urged to turn to his earlier works where perhaps the cogency and tang of an original mind are more fully evidenced.

This is not the most outstanding of Professor Becker's books, but there is enough heat and light generated here to supply many a humbler author with treatises twice as long.

As noteworthy as any feature is the stress laid on personal responsibility. With an ear attentively attuned to the shifting forces of attention and of need in American life, this emphasis throughout upon how we shall become more responsible—especially in our collective capacity—is wise and prophetic. This is not a book of answers or formulas—that one does not ask of a seasoned philosophical historian. But this historically-minded philosopher of democracy does unerringly put his fingers on the weak and contentious points in American life seen in the democratic frame.

When he talks about a "world revolution" we can be certain this is not for purposes of febrile rhetoric. When he considers the abiding dangers of succumbing to dictatorship in our own land and conjures up a state of affairs in which reason goes down before "naked force, and naked force may prove the prelude to another dark age of ignorance and barbarism," we are sure he is not playing for a cheap thrill. He is warning the friends of democracy of their gravest dangers.

He is playing for the future big stakes of a democratic people—that they may become through all their channels of enlightenment more responsive and responsible. The conditions of that responsiveness are what he is here at pains to spell out in political, economic, and social terms and institutional alterations. Eloquence is here and deep insight and profound democratic faith. Our country lost an heroic soldier of the peace in the too early passing of Carl Becker.

BUY VICTORY BONDS!

THE GAY DESERTERS
By R. V. C. BODLEY
AUTHOR OF *WIND IN THE SAHARA*

A witty, malicious story of the diamond-studded expatriates who eased their aching hearts in New York's better restaurants and nightclubs . . while their clear-sighted children went back to Europe to do the job their elders had muffed. $2.50

CHUNGKING LISTENING POST
By MARK TENNIEN

The exciting personal report of the Maryknoll missioner who was a one-man clearing house for money, supplies and information going back and forth between missions deep in Jap-dominated China and the United States. GEN. JOSEPH W. STILWELL says: "The Maryknoll boys were bombed, shelled, hunted, starved and killed . . . if you like people who have courage and live only for unselfish service to others, you will enjoy this book." *Illustrated with 48 photographs.* $2.50

HERCULES, MY SHIPMATE
By ROBERT GRAVES

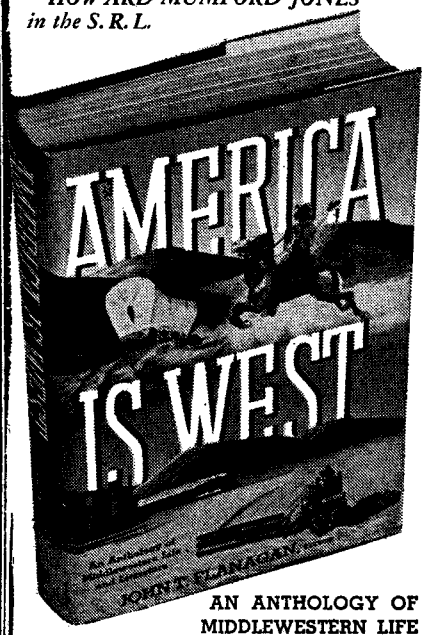
"This is the best of all Graves's books."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.* "The marvelous voyage of the Argonauts for the Golden Fleece . . . A gusty, blowing tale crammed with telling portraiture of gods and men, fabulous with the wonder of ancient geography."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $3.00

AT YOUR BOOK STORE

CREATIVE AGE PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"One of the best anthologies of the decade."
—HOWARD MUMFORD JONES in the S. R. L.



AN ANTHOLOGY OF MIDDLEWESTERN LIFE AND LITERATURE
Edited by JOHN T. FLANAGAN

99 SELECTIONS
Most of them complete stories

84 AUTHORS
America's greatest, from *Lincoln* to *Lewis*.

700 PAGES
A magnificent collection of the best in American writing.

$3.75

OF BROOKS AND BOOKS

By LEE GROVE. American bibliophiles will relish this story of Edmund D. Brooks, Minneapolis bookseller and publisher, who numbered some of the world's great among his customers and friends. *Limited edition, $2.50*

PERILOUS BALANCE

Poems by ARNOLD STEIN. Literary America is hailing the sensitive verse of this brilliant young poet, already highly praised by *John Hersey, Robert Penn Warren,* and *Robert Hillyer. $1.50*

At all bookstores THE UNIVERSITY OF Minnesota PRESS Minneapolis 14

Observations on Another Peace

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE LAST PEACE. By R. B. McCallum. New York: Oxford University Press. 1944. 214 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

MANY writers on both sides of the Atlantic persist in discussing personal, national, and international events as though the superficialities of public discussion have more than conventional or at most symptomatic significance. McCallum, a mellow Oxford Don, is one of these. To go beneath such surface statements, one gathers, is impolite, vulgar, an impugning of motives.

Dynamic determinants that mold the character of gentlemanly discussions, the muddlings of British parties and Parliament, and the general sweep of British and world events are either ignored by McCallum or assigned slight roles in this book on "public opinion" and the making and unmaking of the Versailles Treaty. The work is an examination of the "utterances of well-known leaders and publicists"—assumed to reveal "what people thought and felt"—"at that time and how these ideas changed and developed." The work's central thesis is candidly set forth thus: "Before 1936 there was a system that might have been maintained, the Covenant of the League and the *status quo* in Europe. My one firm thesis is that this was worth maintaining and could have been defended."

McCallum's analysis of the extremist novels of the 1920's illustrates his adherence to superficialities. He felt that their frequent emphasis upon the clash of generations had to be explained or related to historic events. With an insistence therefore that Great Britain "was sound and normal enough," whatever that might be, he claimed that the alleged clash "seemed to be worse only because a few had chosen to make a principle of it." Those on the dole, a generation of middle-class young folks grown cynical with the contraction of opportunities, these and other pressing facts could be explained away. To prove his conclusion, McCallum generalizes upon the "experience of pupils suffering from a nervous crisis during that one crucial week when their whole career is at stake in the final examination for the honors degree." And he asserts,

> I always find that the strongest emotion is a deep sense of obligation to the pupil's parents, causing terrible anxiety lest their sacrifices for the son's education should not be rewarded by a good degree. This may perhaps be a very acute Oedipus complex, but it looks on the surface very much like common gratitude and decent feeling.

After all, the experiences of the psychological laboratory and the psychiatric clinic, of cross-cultural students of comparative education and patterns of motivation, are as nothing to those of the Don's pleasant contacts with eager students.

McCallum's passion for the superficial and his attachment to those who would preserve the existing order often distort his elaborate pretenses of objectivity. His analysis of the December 1918 Khaki Election illustrates this tendency further. At that time an election, McCallum contends, was overdue, and few would deny this, but he gives as one outstanding reason the notion that "the Conservatives . . . felt themselves to be in a majority in the nation, as the election of 1918 proved." With no reference to the relationship between this election and the long and frantic struggle of upper-class Englishmen against the bogey of class revolution, McCallum tries to demonstrate that the Treaty probably would have been much the same regardless of whether Liberals or Conservatives had controlled Parliament and hence the British delegation at Versailles.

Robert Graves and Alan Hodge, two other Englishmen, take a quite different attitude toward the Khaki Election in "The Long Week End: A Social History of Great Britain, 1918-1939" (1941). "Actually, the vote of the Fighting Forces," they point out, "was largely annulled by this hurried manoeuvre, because the new voters, though allowed to vote by proxy, had not been put on the registers." Thus the first step "to smother the threat of social revolution which the Fighting Forces constituted" was a success. Whether or not this changed the character of the Treatry, which it undoubtedly did, it certainly assured the locus of power to the Right. And even though McCallum gives slight attention to the matter, the threat of social revolution continued to haunt British rulers throughout the "long week end," and this specter grew powerful on the threat of Russian Bolshevism and motivated the fostering of German Nazism and Italian Fascism by anxiety-ridden Britishers—and anxiety-ridden Americans.

Perhaps such generalizing makes Oxford Dons and Conservative M.P.'s less insecure when they think in terms of unions that unite but do not bind inconveniently to assume constantly that the people of the United States are —like the English—"Anglo-Saxons."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Last Flight

WE ALWAYS COME BACK. By James Allen. New York: Peyton Paul. 1945. 220 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD AAMSTRONG

THE communique used to announce that the American Army Air Forces had made another daylight raid on Hamburg. It usually added that a number of planes had failed to return. We hardly imagined what those words concealed in their matter-of-factness. We seldom realized that many planes, mortally wounded, were never mentioned at all. James Allen's vivid story of the *Boomerang's* twenty-fifth flight recreates with notable artistry what it meant on a raw, foggy morning to go forth to battle from a British airfield. The difficulties of the approach to the target, the suspense and tense excitement of the bombing run through high power flak and German fighter planes makes thrilling reading. On this flight German defense measures played havoc with plane and crew. The wounded men and the damaged plane went through agonizing hours of struggle to return to the base. The plane didn't make it. It went to its grave off the British coast after a valiant effort to survive, and some of the men perished with it.

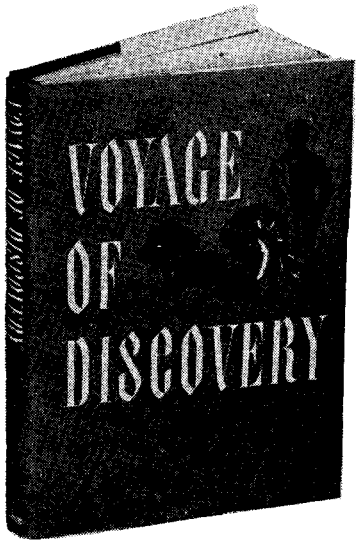
This story of a bomber and its crew merits a place with the best first-hand reporting of the war. The adventures in the air, however, are only a portion of this novel. By the device of interpolating the random thoughts of the men as they make their perilous flight, we get down to earth again. Their boyhood and training, their crap games, and above all their amorous adventures in England flit through their minds. One of them recalls that a girl pick-up on a train had said to him: "It's now or never for you. You've got to pack a lot of living in a few years." The realism of "living" as it is described here is sordid and depressing, but the reader cannot help being sympathetic to the efforts of these American fliers to relieve the tension of their existence.

In this novel Allen relates the experiences of men and machines in the war in the air and the more human experiences of men and women on the ground. His book is also a study in character and of social conditions in England. It not only has psychological interest, but its authentic historical background illuminates the meaning of war to the men who piloted the bombers and did the other chores that a long air voyage in the face of enemy resistance entailed.

A CANDID PORTRAYAL OF CO-EDUCATIONAL COLLEGE LIFE . .

Voyage of Discovery

By BARBARA CORRIGAN



The story of Cornelia Ross' voyage through four years at an American university . . and of what she discovered about life, love and learning. Here is a revealing picture of life, both on and off the campus . . told in terms of colorful and believable people. It is amusing, honest, turbulent, unsparingly realistic and entirely entertaining. $2.75

A provocative, frequently startling, and authoritative statement on a controversial personality.

THE SHELLEY LEGEND
By ROBERT METCALF SMITH
in collaboration with Martha Schlegel, T. G. Ehrsam and L. A. Waters

A brilliant and completely documented exposure of the fraudulent and mistaken efforts to turn the "romantic pagan" Shelley into a Victorian angel. An important contribution to Shelley biography. Illustrated. $5.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES — CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

FOR THEE THE BEST
A NOVEL BY
MARK ALDANOV

A brilliantly dramatic re-creation of the last years of Lord Byron's tempestuous career . . and a vivid picture of Europe in turmoil. $2.50

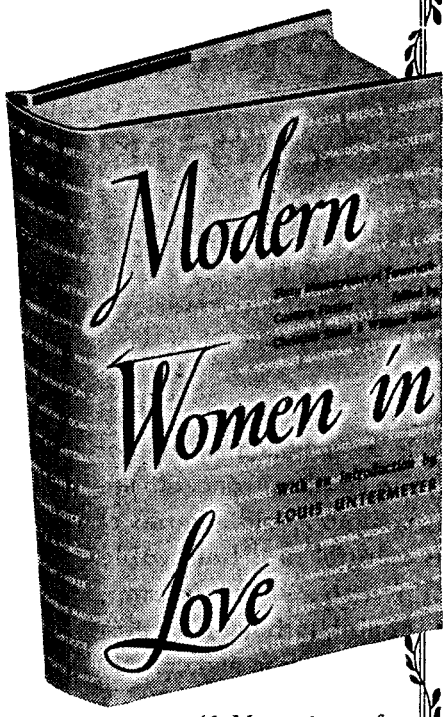
THE MAN WHO WAS THERE
By WRIGHT MORRIS

How the life of Agee Ward, missing in the War, affected the men and women who remembered him . . a strange and highly effective story. $2.50

For the best in history and biography buy "Lee's Lieutenants" by D. S. Freeman. Per Volume, $5.; Three Volumes Boxed, $15.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Helen, Lucretia, Juliet et al are out of date.



60 Masterpieces of
Twentieth Century Fiction
Edited by CHRISTINA STEAD
and WILLIAM BLAKE

LOUIS UNTERMEYER says in his introduction: "A cross section of some of the best reading as well as some of the best literature of our time . . . an unparalleled examination of man's dominating theme and his desire to compose new variations upon it."

Short stories and selections from novels of the best twentieth-century writers from Proust to Dorothy Parker, from Faulkner to Cain, D. H. Lawrence, Joyce, Morgan, Wescott, Schnitzler, Romains, Forster—and some notable discoveries. *658 pages*, $3.50

At your bookstore

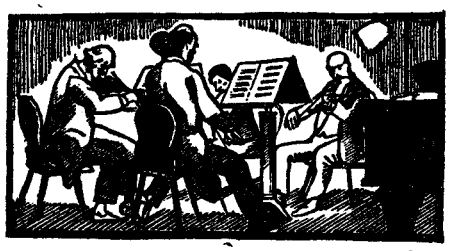
THE Dryden PRESS
386 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 16

Byron, Commander-in-Chief

FOR THEE THE BEST. By Mark Aldanov. Translated by Nicholas Wreden. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 215 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN this little book Mr. Aldanov has produced a remarkably flimsy composition, one that is paper-thin, that comes to pieces in the reader's hand. Indeed, it almost seems to be notes for a novel rather than the finished product. One would like to think of it as a youthful exercise, now translated on the strength of "The Fifth Seal's" great success, but no publisher's announcement encourages us to believe that such is the case. On the contrary, "For Thee the Best" is presented as a new work of importance.



It is a thing of shreds and patches, of scenes and glimpses, concerned with the Europe in which Byron moved for some five years before his death. We glimpse a meeting of the Carbonari in Venice at which the poet is present, along with an otherwise nameless character known in the secret order as the Master-of-the-Moon. We glimpse Castlereagh and Wellington and George IV of England. We glimpse Teresa Guiccioli, recently shown at full length in an excellent biography, and we look in briefly on the preliminaries of the Congress of Verona, and on the thinking of Czar Alexander I. Finally, after many a hop, skip, and jump, we arrive at Missolonghi, where we remain with Byron until death ends his comic-tragic heroic-ridiculous adventure as a man of action and a nation's self-appointed liberator. Through the eyes of the Master-of-the-Moon, ex-Carbonaro become spy in the British service, we witness the notorious failure that is still somehow faintly aureoled with glory.

Many writers before Mr. Aldanov have humorously underlined the ludicrous aspects of Byron in Greece, so here the novelist is on familiar ground. But he adds a touch of his own, or perhaps one should blame his translator, by giving Byron the pompous and comical title of "the Grand Strategist." This is painting the lily, for the title actually borne by Byron was *archistrategos,* which is good plain Greek for the not at all pompous, not at all comical title "Commander-in-Chief." Mr. Aldanov is also on familiar ground when he attempts to evaluate the success-in-failure of the cynical romantic, at war with himself, who dared not inquire too carefully into the cause for which he was ready to die, lest he lose faith in it; and on this ground the latest comer adds little or nothing to the work of his predecessors.

There are many leads in this little book that are promising, but not one is followed to fulfillment; there are deep insights and entertaining passages, but they do not come together to form a whole. Whatever Mr. Aldanov's intention was (and he is obviously concerned with historical semi- and pseudo-parallels) his intention has been frustrated by the manner of his execution.

It is a pity, for we could do now, when there is a world to be made again, with an informed, thoughtful, illuminating novel based upon the Europe that baffled the statesmen who stepped into the vacuum created by Napoleon's fall.

Liberty

By Louis Ginsberg

BROODING so many ages there alone,
Incarcerated deep within the stone,
A statue, sunk in marble, ached to be
Delivered from its long captivity.

The poem, too, for ages could not rest
But wandered for a home within a breast;
And as it roamed, an exile, lost in Time,
It longed for a locality of rhyme.

So, Liberty, in opposites, is found:
One sought it being freed; the other, bound.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

G.I. Joe at Home

BACK TO LIFE. The Emotional Readjustment of Our Veterans. By Herbert I. Kupper, M.D. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1945. 220 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

THIS book is modestly said to "represent the opinions of the author, who has spent the past three years working with the service men in the Coast Guard, Maritime Service, and Merchant Marine" as Staff Psychiatrist to the U.S. Marine Hospital at Ellis Island. Dr. Kupper's "opinions" deserve profound attention, for he has observed every possible type of emotional change among the men in their attempts to readjust to civilian life. Although the case histories often present exaggerated types of pathological behavior, they are nevertheless instructive. Pathology often reveals by contrast and exaggeration the nature of the "normal," and permits a deeper insight into the underlying problems.

The chief fallacy, Dr. Kupper tells us, in our plans for taking care of the returned service man, is the idea that his economic situation will in itself decide the question of his personal contentment. "The psychology of the fighting man has never been neglected, but the psychology of the veteran has been overlooked, or inadequately understood, or casually misinterpreted." A returned sailor may have a good job and a loving and devoted family, and yet with trivial provocation (two cases of Dr. Kupper's) slap his mother—to his own great chagrin and humiliation. Or simply, the loving husband of a loving wife may not be able to "stand it at home" and must spend his evenings with the "boys" at Legion quarters.

The point which Dr. Kupper makes very clear is that the veteran has been changed by being in the armed services. When he was inducted, he was trained into a different sort of society from that of peacetime, with different aims, different loyalties, different affectional relations, different hostilities, and different ways of life. Coming back, he receives little or no guidance in meeting an equally difficult set of demands. Just as there were men who became neurotic because they could not adapt themselves to the services, so there are those who cannot smoothly get back to civilian life. Some develop neurotic symptoms, others merely become tense or irritable, still others manage better; but the ties to wartime ways, and to wartime sublimations and psychological advantages, persist. The veterans miss the care that was taken of them, though they

The author of

LONG REMEMBER

and

THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN

MacKinlay Kantor

writes a magnificent new novel in verse

GLORY FOR ME

Vivid drama and imaginative beauty have made MacKinlay Kantor's earlier novels widely loved. They are intensified in GLORY FOR ME by the use of an easy-flowing verse that adds extra emotional impact to its story. Writing of three men who have come home from war—and the women these men come home to—Kantor has achieved a national epic, a novel time may judge to be even greater than ***Long Remember.***

"It deals with a subject of immense importance at the moment and deals with it in absorbing fashion."—Amy Loveman, ***Book-of-the-Month Club News.***

At all bookstores

$2.50

Coward-McCann, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may overcompensate by a show of exaggerated independence. They miss the sublimated pleasures of companionship, the libidinal bonds with their fellows, and, gregariously, they segregate themselves from the civilians who "can't understand" them.

In spite of the fact that the text would have profited from some good editing, its freedom from professional terminology and its consistent simplicity make it easy to read. The opinions are sound and entirely in line with the reports of psychiatrists in other branches of the armed services. Certainly it is to be wished that such books as this should be widely read, so that the real problems of the veteran may be quite generally understood.

PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES • INC
30 EAST 57TH STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Public Auction Sale
November 26 at 8 p. m.
and November 27 at 2

The Distinguished Library of JAMES H. PERSHING
Denver

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE XVII-XIX CENTURY

Including an important collection of poetry with many rarities by Milton, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Lamb, Byron, Chapman, Herbert, Drayton, Cowper, Daniel, Herrick, Tennyson, Spenser, Vaughan and others

AMERICAN AUTHORS
INCUNABULA
COLOR PLATE BOOKS

Illustrated Catalogue 50¢

ON EXHIBITION
FROM NOVEMBER 21
Closed Sunday and Thanksgiving Day

Angels Decidedly Unaware

SOMEWHAT ANGELS. By David Cornel DeJong. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1945. 218 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

"ALL women are somewhat angels," according to the sentence from which the title is taken, but it must be confessed that the angelic qualities of Mr. DeJong's five heroines are imperceptible. Nor, obviously, were any of their marriages made in heaven. The whole novel revolves around women deprived of their men by the war, women who are possessive and clinging, or mildly faithful, or psychopathically passionate, or just plain bitchy. The theme with its many tragic implications might have been sympathetically approached, but the author has preferred to treat it satirically. This enables him to ring dissonant changes on the central motive of marital fidelity as well as on the shame and hypocrisies of a group of futile civilians misbehaving in wartime.

By using satire as his weapon Mr. DeJong deliberately sacrifices the advantage of gaining any compassion for his characters; he also subjects the reader to long, dreary sessions with the insides of foolish minds. Two of his five women—the worst of them—are recognizable: Valerie and Suzan, though travesties in some respects, nevertheless in their antipodal attitudes toward moral issues and in their relations with other human beings have substance and reality. But Mrs. Brain, Terry, and the hysterical Henrietta seem to be purely synthetic products compounded of elements mixed in a test tube.

Nor is this the kind of satire that dances on its toes, flicking its victims lightly as it passes. The author tracks his game with weighted boots and whacks at them with a bludgeon. Too often phrases intended to be witty lumber along with ponderous awkwardness. And the scenes probably designed to *épater les bourgeois,* scenes concerned with bedroom and bathroom activities, drinking-parties and oddities of sex, have about as much fizz and taste as stale champagne.

Since the story is developed largely in terms of the thoughts of the protagonists rather than their actions, it has little plot. However, what happens to the absent soldiers and the curiously ill-chosen wives they left behind them will hardly matter to the reader. He will care very little whether Paul goes back to his mistress or to his wife, whether Terry remains faithful or not to her platitudinous husband, whether Valerie escapes the consequences of her promiscuous sprees with service men, or whether Vincent frees himself from a marriage that he describes as "that bit of self-imposed purgatory I shaped for myself in order to make myself fit for the hell of the army." The reader will be titillated, if at all, by the unadulterated acridity of the tale, by its raw and mordant attacks on those civilians, mostly women, who cheated or lived uselessly despite "the misfortune of all the poor stupid, dying, humbled, hurt and fighting men in Europe and Asia."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Born Black

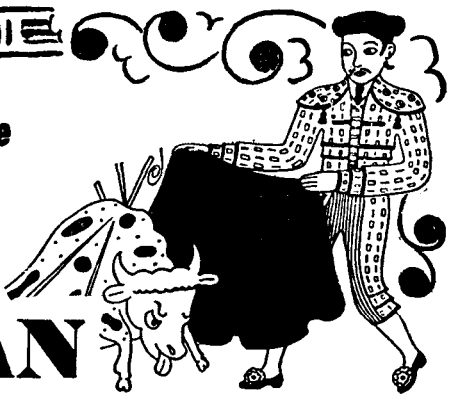
IF HE HOLLERS LET HIM GO. By Chester B. Himes. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1945. 249 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

GALL and wormwood have gone into this book, the bitterest we have come across in a long time. Chester B. Himes, a young Negro from Cleveland, has written a short novel of racial protest as hair-raising as a shriek in the dark. And snuggling deeper under the blankets will not stop the piercing reverberations. It does not matter that by now the form of the hardboiled story is overfamiliar. The usual ingredients are here—the violence, the squalid vice, the goddammits more plentiful than commas, the brutal sex scenes. Everybody is weak or malicious. No one is master of his soul. The form has become banal. Similarly the breathless pace with its mixture of colloquialism and nerve-deep response is positively stylistic. Even so, Himes's hero, Bob Jones, is a character we will not forget for a while. Perhaps we will not remember him as long as we will Bigger Thomas, of Richard Wright's "Native Son." Bigger, a very different person from Bob, was a three dimensional creation. But the force and vehemence with which the story of Bob is spit at us is enough to raise goose-pimples wherever readers get goose-pimples.

Los Angeles and its wartime shipyards are the circles of Chester Himes's Inferno. Here we find a bright young Negro, elevated to leaderman of a gang of shipworkers. Despite his very evident talents for the position, he is caught in a mesh of frustrations which drive him to a fury of hate which murder itself could not satisfy. Even in the press of war work the color of a man's skin cannot go unnoticed and Bob Jones endures the torments of the damned for no other reason than that he was born black. Given the literary framework the things that happen to him are not surprising. Humiliation after humiliation, whether at work or at play, are his lot. The discrimination in the fashionable restaurant to which he takes his girl, the dirty tasks assigned to his crew on the job, ring all too true. And to add insult to injury, the girl whom Bob loves is a racial appeaser, relatively secure in the social and economic position which her father's wealth and her almost white skin have given her. Drink, violence, and dissipation lead only to dreams of fright and horror.

More awful than the dreams is the frowsy Madge, a withered white blonde from Texas who works as a welder at



"I can only describe the book as enchanting."
—MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

MEXICAN VILLAGE

By JOSEPHINA NIGGLI

"Not quite like anything else written on the subject of Mexico . . . fiction in the tradition of the pure story-tellers . . . utterly faithful, wholly convincing portrayal of Mexican village life . . . without a peer in its field."—JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.*

"I recommend it sincerely as the best novel published in the past two years . . . Here is the fine old art of colorful story-telling at its best."
—BETTY SMITH, author of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.*
Illustrated with drawings by Marion Fitz-Simons $3.00

FREEDOM UNDER PLANNING

By BARBARA WOOTTON

LEON HENDERSON says: "If I were teaching economics again, I would consider it one of the first five books that had to be read . . . The best thing of its kind that has come to my attention recently." $2.00

MEMORIES OF AN OLD-TIME TAR HEEL

By KEMP PLUMMER BATTLE
Edited by his son, W. J. Battle

"A memory of the North Carolina past, comic, sad, and very human . . . the whole result is one of the best and most easily read social histories of the South from 1820 to 1880 that I have ever found."
— JONATHAN DANIELS, *Saturday Review of Literature.*
Illustrated, $3.00

OIL AND DEEP WATER

By KAJ KLITGAARD

"A valid and exciting piece of writing, a genuine sharing of experience . . . Because Klitgaard is not only a very competent writer but a thoughtful, critical and honest one, this book has meaning on almost every page for the problems of today."—*Chicago Sun* $2.50

At your bookstore

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JESSICA RYAN'S first mystery has a quality which makes us hope that **THE MAN WHO ASKED WHY** will be but the vanguard in a long list of Crime Club stories. Her freshness of style should appeal to exacting readers, as well as her ability to handle widely divergent types of characters, and her engaging and mature sense of humor. **THE MAN WHO ASKED WHY** introduces a detective team which will warm your heart—as they unsnarl a murder which will chill it. Gregory Pavlov, Professor of Slavonic languages, joins forces with the charming cop, O'Shaughnessy, to prove that the death of an unknown derelict was bound up with the lives of some astonishing people. The victim was a dope fiend . . . but the killer was a fiend of far more subtle—and terrifying variety.

Another first mystery which is also first-rate is the product of a collaboration between an English woman who worked in the Ministry of Information, and an American war correspondent stationed in London. ANNE DAMER and JACK DENTON SMITH dipped largely into personal acquaintance for the background and the amusing details of departmental intrigue which they use with such effect in **TOO LIVELY TO LIVE.** But the story of Sylvia Mace, whose beauty contrasted so violently with her character, is the result of skillful writing and ingenious plot construction. For the life of her, Sylvia couldn't be decent to anyone . . . and, for the death of her, someone contrived a scheme so cunning that Scotland Yard and its two unofficial assistants almost threw up their collective hands.

Plus the above pair of newcomers, The Crime Club offers this month the eleventh mystery by a past master of fictional rough stuff, M. V. HEBERDEN. **VICIOUS PATTERN** is another strenuous case of Heberden's likeable sleuth Desmond Shannon, who could just as well be called Desperate Desmond, the Nerveless, or the Indestructible. **VICIOUS PATTERN** has him trailing the kidnappers of his aging partner . . . coming to grips with gangsters and graft . . . slapping the lady to whom he is playing knight errant . . . and in general, earning his daredevil reputation—and a $50,000 reward.

the yard. Madge is about as low a wench as they come and it is she who leads in the end to Bob Jones's undoing.

The moral of a story such as this obviously needs no pointing. But how in Heaven's name we are going to get people actually to live by that moral is something else again. If we accept the attitude presented here, there is no answer; the only result is a blind weltering hate which can lead in the end to the rawest kind of violence. Himes would have us believe that economic equality is not enough, that union efforts against discrimination are hypocritical, that whites who protest the injustice of race prejudice are either sterily intellectual or phony. His man strikes out against the sincerity of practically everyone, white or colored, who represents some form of accord between the two races. Prejudice is met only with prejudice.

This book is another cry out of the depths. Despite war wages and all the silk shirts, more of which we read about than see, the depths are still with us. We can understand what makes the Bob Joneses. Let us hope they are individuals rather than types. In any event Detroit, please note.

Cammaerts's Life of Thought

THE FLOWER OF GRASS. By Emile Cammaerts. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 175 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

"CHRISTIAN is never something one is, only something one can pray to become," says Mr. Auden, in a very lucid and exciting foreword to this little book by the author of "Upon This Rock," which is doubtless one of the two or three most important statements of the Christian position to have appeared during this war. I think the phrase cited is really the key to what Professor Cammaerts has to say. He is concerned with the growth of the spirit through both happiness and suffering. It is not that either adds a cubit or less to a man's stature. What happens, rather, is that sorrow and comfort alike are risks one takes at the fateful table of life, not for the sake of winning but of being won. Man is properly an ego only when he is able to resolve not to be an ego.

These things may seem unnecessarily subtle. The great virtue of Cammaerts's writing lies, however, in the fact that he is not afraid they should appear to be so. For what ails so much recent speculation about man is a basic erroneous assumption that some "answer" clears up anything and everything. You find out about the libido, and for a while it looks as if repression were the clue to all evil. Or you say that working with the hands is a title to goodness, because it teaches you that if society emancipated you from need every problem would be solved. Or finally, being a gifted chap who can make a great deal of elbow room, you find that room identical with joy in being. Yet these are assumed ends of rainbows because they happen all to be forms of the same mirage. Man is at heart a prince of a fellow, is the premise. Kill off the dramon and you can make whoopee unstintingly.

To this premise Cammaerts gives the name of "humanism." From it, he thinks, all modern failure comes. One may reply that this, too, is a simplification, and perhaps it is. Certainly one could legitimately argue that the label is too limited for all the goods in the case to which it refers. Nevertheless it is a different kind of understatement. Man is neither good nor bad, beautiful nor ugly, just nor vile. The trouble with him is that he is perennially tending to become one or the other, and that the choice is not his alone. History is a sort of phonograph record on which the effects of his decisions are engraved. His sayings and actions are played back to the collective man during the whole of moral time.

If this is true, human experience has a religious and ethical permanence of the sort on which Christianity insists. The question is whether this permanence should be accepted as the fundamental verity of life, or whether the law by which we are ruled is to be the impulse of the natively "good" man. This book can best be described as a record of an author's thinking about what happens to him apart from the events in which he shares. You have a feeling that he has truly been caught up in the great tide of the Christian faith, and that he has taken the heart of humanity with him on that journey.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 607)

RUPERT HUGHES:
STATELY TIMBER

*All the laborers grumbled that they could not live on their pay. . . . The magistrates told them what God told the magistrates: that two shillings a day was sufficient for laborers. . . . Why, poverty was a blessed state, free of many pitfalls.

*New England about the middle of the seventeenth century.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Genesis to Einstein

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SCIENCE. Edited by Forest Ray Moulton and Justus J. Schiffers. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 640 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

THE anthology of prose, poetry, music, or anything else has not yet been compiled with which a critic could not quarrel. This collection of key passages from master works in all sciences is no exception. The authors state that they "have tried to locate the best thing a man ever said or wrote about the most important thing he ever did or thought." On the whole they have succeeded. They give us what is in effect a history of science from Genesis to Einstein in the words of great discoverers or of men who have written on science with more than usual acumen and clarity.

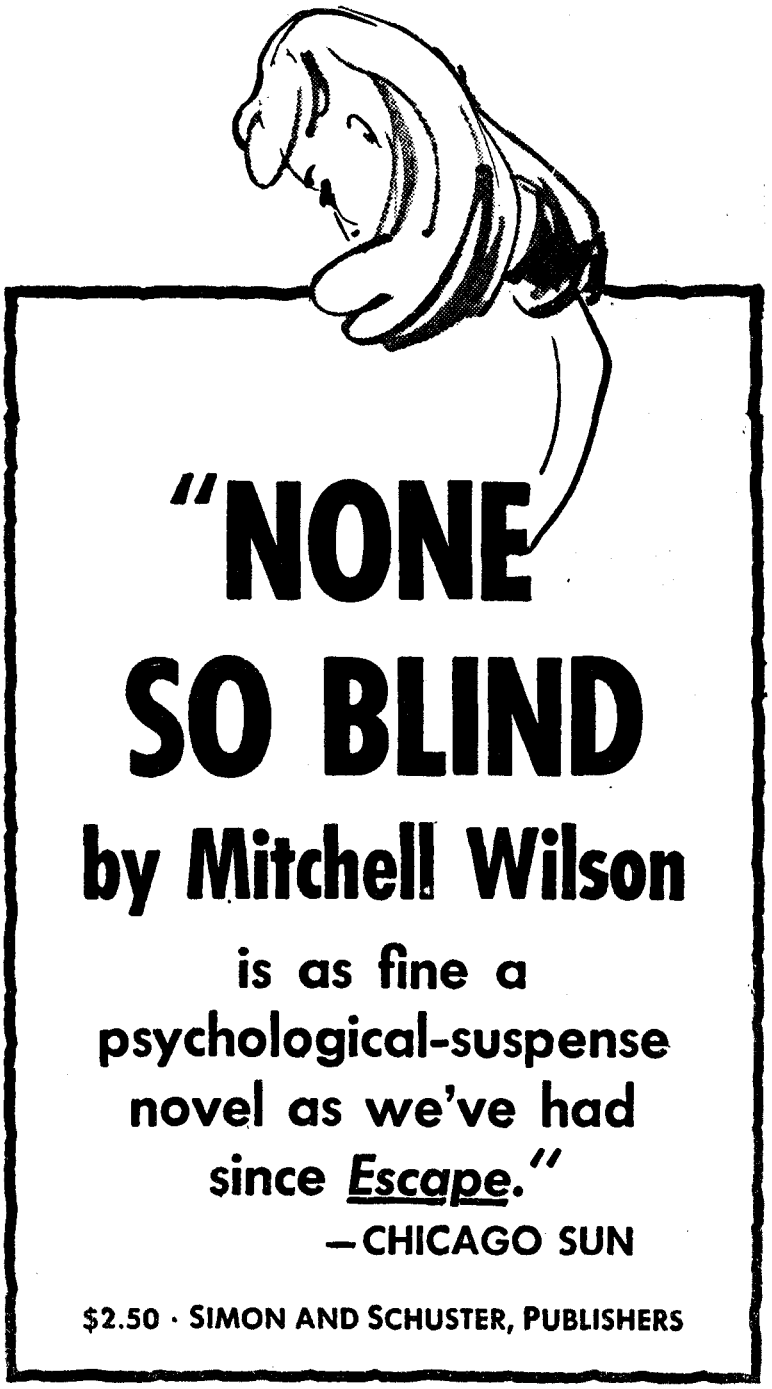
Here we have unknown Egyptians telling their contemporaries how to set a broken nose, Hippocrates on "the face that tokens death" and "a case of childbirth fever," Aristotle on the principle of continuity, Archimedes on the sand reckoner (not nearly so important as what he had to say when he leaped out of his bath crying "Eureka," knowing that he had discovered what we call specific gravity), Vitruvius on theatre acoustics, Galen on the dissection of apes and "the Emperor's belly ache," Leonardo on his flying machine, Copernicus on his theory of the solar system, Harvey on the circulation of the blood, Bacon on the experimental method, Huyghens on the speed of light, Newton on gravitation and "Opticks," Black, Priestly, Lavoisier, and Dalton on their contributions to chemistry, Franklin on lightning, Jenner on his smallpox vaccine, Faraday and Henry on induction, Oliver Wendell Holmes on "the contagiousness of puerperal fever," Darwin on natural selection and the descent of man, Pasteur on spontaneous generation and the prevention of rabies, Maxwell and Hertz on the relation of light and electricity, Roentgen on the X-rays, Thomson on the discovery of the electron, Einstein on relativity, and a hundred others on their researches.

It is remarkable how well the great write on their own work. This crew of artists, tax collectors, priests, lawyers, brewers, explorers, lens grinders, university professors, and experimenters wrote with far more grace and clarity than do many of the popularizers of today. Good science does indeed make good reading, as the editors point out in their preface. Somehow the masters did not find it necessary to befuddle their readers with unintelligible technical terms. To explain the principle that action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions Newton obviously writes for the technically uninformed when he says: "If you press a stone with your finger, the finger is also pressed by the stone." Others represented in this volume are just as simple, for which reason their texts can be read with profit by any man of average education.

So rich is the "autobiographical" material on science that the compilation of extracts from masterworks is no mean task. A chronological arrangement is not good enough for this reviewer because it lacks continuity of subject matter. Yet for reasons of their own the editors have divided science into such periods as "Science Is Born," "Science Sleeps in the Mid-

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Green & blue. Lear: "The Owl and the Pussycat." 2. Purple & gold. Byron: "The Destruction of Sennacherib." 3. Green & yellow. Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night." 4. Claret & brown. Noyes: "The Highwayman." 5. Green & blue. Browning: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." 6. Yellow & green. Kipling: "Mandalay." 7. Buff & blue. Burns: "Here's a Health to Them That's Awa'." 8. Pink & silver. Lowell: "Patterns." 9. Red & gold. Guest: "It's September." 10. Purple & red. Tennyson: "Maud."


"NONE SO BLIND
by Mitchell Wilson
is as fine a psychological-suspense novel as we've had since Escape."
—CHICAGO SUN
$2.50 · SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you're proud of your record for picking the murderer before the last page, watch out for

THE *Whistling* LEGS

BY ROMAN MAC DOUGALD

Price $2.00

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

Victory Means Follow Through Buy More Bonds

dle Ages," "Science Reawakens in the Renaissance," "Science Grows up in the Seventeenth and Early Eighteenth Centuries," "Science Comes of Age during the French, American and Industrial Revolutions," "Science Weds Progress in the Early Nineteenth Century," and "Science Sires the Twentieth Century." As a result the reader has to leap from physics to medicine, from genetics to cosmology, from radio to evolution and back again. It is possible that an arrangement by subject matter would have been equally objectionable because the progress of scientific thinking as a whole would not have been apparent. The editors of this anthology faced a far more difficult problem than that which confronts the man who quotes the best in English poetry from Chaucer to Frost. There must be a plan in an anthology of science. We may disagree with Moulton and Schiffers about their plan, but we must admit that they have given the general reader a compilation which is eminently readable and useful.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MARKED FOR MURDER *Brett Halliday* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Mike Shayne flies to Miami to find out who nearly killed reporter pal. Then the slayings begin. . . .	Typical Shayne item with plenty of gun-play, sultry ladies, crackling conversation, chilled-steel plot, and exciting pay-off.	For those who like 'em tough
MESSAGE FROM A CORPSE *Sam Merwin, Jr.* (Mystery House: $2.)	Dynamite-filled biography writes murderous finis to life of New York ex-judge and others. Amy Brewster solves it.	Three-hundred-pound lady sleuth helps press-agent Breck Barnum untangle a swiftly paced, tempestuous, and explosive puzzle.	Average toughie
THE MAN WHO ASKED WHY *Jessica Ryan* (Crime Club: $2.)	Pavlov, Russian born college prof. and Irish cop pal O'Shaunessey untangle murder puzzle in San Francisco.	Death of dope-filled derelict starts unusual pair of hawkshaws on trail that leads through Pacific Coast musical circles to surprise finish.	Good—but too wordy
VICIOUS PATTERN *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.)	Much man-handled Manhattan private-op. Desmond Shannon gets pushed around plenty in kidnap-killing case.	Political graft, business villainy, and other rackets give Shannon plenty to do—and he handles it very well.	Eight-minute egg
MURDER EXPERT *Robert P. Koehler* (Phoenix: $2.)	Murder of pudgy specialist in real-crime stories at California gathering of mystery writers gives Homicide-Squadder Branson his chance.	Sound idea for murder yarn—but plotting, characters, and writing are not quite up to snuff.	Quickie
THE DEVIL IN THE BUSH *Matthew Head* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Violent deaths of man and girl in Belgian Congo arouse detective instincts of young American economist.	African background tends to steal show. "Hoops" Taliaferro is engaging amateur sleuth, the other characters are well done, and plot is plenty baffling.	Admirable, exotic
THE WHISTLING LEGS *Roman MacDougald* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Riverside Drive resident calls Private Investigator Cabot and announces impending murder. Cabot takes case and uncovers plenty!	Sinister and slightly wacky household of Magnamite manufacturer keep action at explosion point throughout—though finish is not too unexpected.	Agreeable
TOO LIVELY TO LIVE *Anne Damer and T. D. Scott* (Crime Club: $2.)	Dr. Sylvia Mace, autocratic and violently hated exec. in London war-ministry, dies oddly in office elevator. American correspondent officiates.	Capital yarn of office intrigues and enmities that culminated in cleverly contrived crime. Characters, action, background, plot—all excellent.	First class
WOMAN AT BAY *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Paul MacKinnon, investigator for under-cover Govt. bureau, goes to Cuba in search of damning diary—and murders begin.	Another alternately cool and torrid Coxe contrivance, deftly plotted, admirably characterized, and packed with action.	Top drawer!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Australia's Cultural "Mateship"

CLEM CHRISTESEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the Nov.* 10 SRL *Mr. Christesen, editor of* Meanjin Papers, *published quarterly by Melbourne University Press, discussed Australia's poets and her general literary background. In this second and concluding article he continues his discussion of Australian poetry and adds comment on Australian fiction and the Commonwealth's enlightened attitude toward aid for authors.*

MELBOURNE.

THE most significant among Australia's younger poets today is Robert D. FitzGerald, whose "Essay on Memory" won the £100 sesquicentennial poetry prize in 1938. What a far cry from the old ballads and swinging bush songs of the "romantic nineties"! Here is a poet whose work bears comparison with the best being written in English. His has not been a large output, but whatever he writes is distinguished.

Kenneth Slessor ("One Hundred Poems," 1944), formerly official war correspondent, Leonard Mann, whose "The Delectable Mountains," his third book, has just been published, Brian Vrepont ("Beyond the Claw," 1942), Douglas Stewart, who came here from New Zealand some years ago and quickly gained a high reputation with his books of poetry, short stories, and verse plays, Kenneth Mackenzie ("The Moonlit Doorway," 1945), who wrote several novels as "Seaforth Mackenzie," the mystic Peter Hopegood . . . these are among the leading "younger" poets in Australia today, whose best work, in several instances, probably is yet to come.

Younger than these, but also producing highly significant work, are Rosemary Dobson, Judith Wright, the most promising of the young women, Olive Hopegood, Norma Davis, Elizabeth Lambert, Dorothy Hewett, who has just won the Australian Broadcasting Commission's poetry competition, Max Harris, Ian Mudie, who recently edited an excellent anthology of soldier verse, "Poets at War," Ernest Briggs, whose "The Merciless Beauty" is more than a promise, Joseph O'Dwyer, Flexmore Hudson, Rex Ingamells, Peter Middleton, John Thompson, Geoffrey Dutton, James McAuley, A. D. Hope, Alec King—and a dozen others. Most of them, besides having one or more books to their credit, are regular contributors to the various literary periodicals. Donald Kerr, killed in New Guinea in 1942, merits inclusion in this company.

The little magazines are playing an increasingly important role in the Australian literary scene. The two quarterlies are *Southerly,* the magazine of the Australian English Association, Sydney, edited by poet and critic Guy Howarth, and *Meanjin Papers,* larger and more broadly based, edited by C. B. Christesen and published by Melbourne University Press. *Poetry,* a slim quarterly devoted exclusively to verse, is edited in South Australia by Flexmore Hudson. *Angry Penguins,* with Max Harris as co-editor, appears at irregular intervals. It achieved international fame last year by publishing a batch of sixteen "poems" by the mythical "Ern Malley." (A somewhat parallel case was the "Spectrist" hoax about twenty years ago in the States.) The controversy resulting from the hoax was illuminating. It is a stimulating journal, for all its "apocalyptic" attitudinizing, and has published much authentic poetry, the most interesting being by Harris himself.

Australian New Writing, a slim annual of Penguin *New Writing* format, has made three appearances in Sydney. It has a pronounced leftist and working-class bias, and has published several interesting short stories and literary-political articles. It is one of the most progressive and socially alert of the little magazines. Around Rex Ingamells some years ago in Adelaide developed a group of young nationalist writers. Besides editing the "Jindyworrobak Anthologies," he provided facilities for publication of booklets of verse of "distinctively Australian" character. The movement, if it could be called that, has lost much of its dynamic; but at a time when our poetry was tending to become deracinated, imitative, Ingamells's emphasis was a valuable corrective. *A Comment,* edited by Cecily Crozier in Melbourne, and *Barjai,* a magazine for writers under twenty-one, edited by Barrie Reid and Laurence Collinson, in Brisbane, also have their value. All these journals constitute a valuable storehouse of information pertinent to the intellectual development of the country.

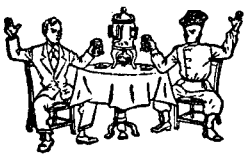
Recently the publishing firm of Angus and Robertson, Ltd., has issued an annual anthology, "Australian Poetry," edited by various well-known poets. A companion volume, "Coast to Coast," an annual anthology of short stories, is also published by Angus and Robertson. The selections made to date by Cecil Mann, Beatrice Davis, Frank Dalby Davison, and Vance Palmer, have revealed writers of genuine merit.

Our literature has always excelled in the short-story field and today the tradition is being well maintained. Of

LOUIS ADAMIC'S
A NATION OF NATIONS
The colorful story of our various national groups, showing how each has helped to make our country great. A new and exciting kind of history which for the first time rounds out the story of America and brings these groups into proper focus. A NATION OF NATIONS is a book that Americans of all national, racial and religious backgrounds will be reading and referring to for decades to come.
With 16 pages of photographs
At all bookstores • $3.50
HARPER & BROTHERS

With an introduction by
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
WINTERSET and HIGH TOR
both by Maxwell Anderson
OF MICE AND MEN
by John Steinbeck
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE
by Wm. Saroyan
WATCH ON THE RHINE
by Lillian Hellman
THE PATRIOTS
by Sidney Kingsley
$1.49 Wherever Books are Sold
THE World PUBLISHING COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TALKING RUSSIAN
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT

Папа кепт кам Papa kept calm

Both sentences are pronounced alike; but one is in Russian characters. That's the secret of this unorthodox little book by *Morris H. Swadesh* which teaches you Russian the effortless way—by simplifying the biggest obstacle, the alphabet. This is the "Army" method which the author has been teaching so successfully to the armed forces.

Illustrated with cartoons, $1.75
At all bookstores

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

Announcing the 1946
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
$20,000
Prize Novel Award

The winner of 1945 Award was *Before the Sun Goes Down*, by *ELIZABETH METZGER HOWARD*, which was also winner of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Annual Novel Award of $125,000. Contest closes July 1, 1946.

Write today for brochure and entry blank, to
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
14 West 49 St., New York 20

LANGUAGE IS POWER

. . . Forge ahead, win special assignments, promotion, better job in global peace time opportunities through ability to speak a foreign language.
MASTER A NEW LANGUAGE quickly, easily, correctly by LINGUAPHONE
The world-famous Linguaphone Conversational Method brings voices of native teachers INTO YOUR OWN HOME. You learn the new language by LISTENING. It's amazingly simple; thousands have succeeded. ◆ ◆ 29 LANGUAGES
Send for Free book, Call for Free demonstration
LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE

recent years, several of our writers have published their short stories in America, the latest being Frank Dalby Davison, who appeared in a recent *Yale Review*. Davison, the author of an Australian classic "Man Shy" (though he objects to his name being coupled with that book alone), has written some of the finest lyric prose fiction we possess.

The most important novel to appear here and in America during recent months is "The Little Company," by Eleanor Dark, whose "The Timeless Land" also received an excellent "press" in the States. Katherine Susannah Pritchard's second book of short stories, "Potch and Color," just published, is characteristically strong, vital. Her best novels are "Coonardoo," "Working Bullocks," and "Haxby's Circus."

IT is surprising how many of our leading novelists are women. Besides those mentioned are Henry Handel Richardson, whose trilogy "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony" has a worldwide reputation. Another veteran lady of letters is Miles Franklin ("All the Swagger," 1936). Flora Eldershaw and Marjorie Barnard collaborate successfully as "M. Barnard Eldershaw"—"A House is Built," 1929, and many other novels and a descriptive book "My Australia." There are also Dymphna Cusack ("Jungfrau," 1936), Kylie Tennant ("The Battlers," 1941, "Ride on, Stranger," 1943), Henrietta Drake-Brockman ("Younger Sons," 1937), and Margaret Trist ("Now that We're Laughing," 1945). Several of these have had American editions.

Vance Palmer, a man of wide liberal understanding, who in appearance is not unlike Robert Frost, is still our outstanding man of letters. Novels ("The Passage," 1930, "Legend for Sanderson," 1937, and many others, short stories ("Sea and Spinifex," 1934) plays, poetry, *belles lettres*, criticism—he is our most representative writer. The whole corpus of his work signifies achievement: it is unsurpassed in this country.

A brief check-list of novelists and short-story writers would also include Leonard Mann ("Murder in Sydney," 1937, "Flesh in Armor," 1932, "The Go-Getter," 1942), Xavier Herbert ("Capricornia," 1938 (it was banner-lined in the States a couple of years ago); Brian Penton ("Landtakers," 1934, "Inheritors," 1936, and trenchant journalistic blasts such as "Think—or Be Damned," and "Advance Australia—Where?"), Gavin Casey ("It's Harder for Girls," 1942, and "Birds of a Feather," 1943), Roy Connolly ("Southern Saga," 1942), Alan Marshal ("These Are My People," 1944), the veteran artist-novelist, Norman Lindsay, Godfrey Blunden, Jack McLaren, Ion Idriess, James Devaney, and some dozen others, including writers of recent war books and documentaries.

Playwriting, for the first time in this country, has recently received a stimulus, though more by the publication of drama than by professional production. Our chief dramatist, Louis Esson, who died last year, is having a selected edition of his work published by the Commonwealth Literary Advisory Board, and plays by other dramatists are getting into book-form. A list published during recent years would include George L. Dann's "Fountains Beyond" and "Caroline Chisholm," Dymphna Cusack's "Morning Sacrifice," Douglas Stewart's verse plays "Ned Kelly," "The Fire on the Snow," and "The Golden Lover"; theatrical pieces such as Sumner Locke-Elliott's "Interval," Gwen Meredith's "Men Have Their Uses"; Max Afford's "Lady in Danger," Dorothy Blewett's "Quiet Night," and Betty Roland's "The Touch of Silk"; an able period piece in Catherine Shepherd's "Daybreak"; and half a dozen practicable one-acters. Just to hand are Alexander Turner's "Royal Mail" and his radio play "Australian Stages." Catherine Duncan's prize-winning play, "Sons of the Morning," is to follow. The Playwright's Advisory Board has been responsible for the publishing of most of the plays named. By the way, Sydney University has begun a course in Australian drama for its extramural tutorial groups. Melbourne University is planning a similar course for next year. Vance Palmer has just written a three-act play "Hail, Tomorrow!" dealing with the attempt by the Australian labor leader, William Lane, to found a socialist community in Paraguay.

We in Australia have not the benefit of such wealthy foundations as the Guggenheim to foster cultural activity. But we have the Commonwealth Literary Fund, which is performing a notable service to writers and to the reading public. Since 1908 the Commonwealth Government has provided money annually for cultural assistance in various fields. Aid may be given to authors who, for reasons of age or infirmity, are unable to support themselves; families of literary men who have died poor; literary men who, while still publishing good work, are unable because of strained circumstances to continue in their work. The maximum payment is about three pounds a week.

In 1938 the Federal Government extended the scope of the fund for the purpose of educating the public to a fuller appreciation of Australian literature, affording a limited number of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our writers sufficient leisure to enable them to devote their whole time and talent to the publication of specified works, providing financial aid toward the cost of publishing manuscripts and reprinting approved works.

The C.L.F. committee has entered into an agreement with the universities for the inclusion of lectures on Australian literature as an integral part of English in a degree course. A grant of one hundred pounds a year is made to each university for this purpose. The lecturers, who are sometimes "imported" from other states, usually give a series of five public lectures and five seminars.

On the recommendation of the C.L.F. advisory board, fellowships may be granted to writers of merit who wish to devote their whole time, or a substantial part of their time and talents, to the production of a specified work. The maximum amount granted is £250 a year; in special circumstances it may be extended or renewed. Aid may also be given to reprint standard works and to publish manuscripts of outstanding merit which might otherwise remain unprinted.

A NEW and significant C.L.F. development of recent years is the Australian Pocket Library. Arrangements were made with publishers for the production of a number of Australian books in cheap editions, having in mind the necessity for reprinting standard books out of print, to satisfy the needs of servicemen and prisoners of war, the provision of suitable Australian books for Allied servicemen, and the increasing public demand for Australian books at reasonable prices. Many of the twenty-five selected titles have already been printed in editions of about 25,000 and they sell at prices ranging from 1/3 to 2/-. The format is attractive, and about "digest" size.

There are of course the usual run of literary groups and memorial societies which sponsor annual competitions for various types of work, and the Australian Broadcasting Commission holds regular competitions and offers generous prizes.

The Playwrights' Advisory Board, Sydney, has performed excellent work. It was founded in 1938, primarily to secure production of Australian plays, and to obtain payment of royalties for authors free of agency charges. P.A.B. has also been responsible for the production of full-length plays by a number of writers, and has sponsored the production of one-act plays. The Board invites the submission of plays for criticism and advice, and reads them for a small fee (2/6 for a long play, 1/- for a short play).

A Federal Government project now being considered offers exciting possibilities. The Prime Minister recently outlined proposals for Commonwealth, state, and municipal coöperation to provide national concerts, a national theatre, and drama productions, and generally to encourage cultural developments throughout the country. One of the main points being made is that such activity should be on a coöperative basis.

The executive body may be known as the Commonwealth Cultural Council. Its functions will be (1) to give advice to the Commonwealth on cultural development and especially to make recommendations regarding financial aid; (2) to survey existing activities and to coöperate with existing organizations, thus avoiding duplication; (3) to assist local movements by advice and planning; (4) to prepare proposals to Cabinet for a planned future Federal policy on cultural activity.

A National Films Board has already been established, and plans for a National Theatre movement are well advanced. And here I should like to refer to the formation in Sydney of a full symphony orchestra. The New South Wales Government has agreed to contribute £20,000 a year to the project and the City Council £10,000, and the A.B.C. will also add its subsidy. But while our art, music, and drama are very much alive, I must refrain from commenting on their activities in this letter. I think I have said enough however, to indicate to American readers the main literary activities in Australia today.

It is important to stress the fact that the best of our writers have always affirmed strong humanitarian values. In "The Great Tradition" Granville Hicks says: "American literature has been a critical literature, critical of greed, cowardice, and meanness. It has been a hopeful literature, touched again and again with a passion for brotherhood, justice and intellectual honesty. . . ."

An almost identical statement could be made about Australian writings, substituting perhaps our word mateship for brotherhood. That, too, has been our literary tradition. Indeed, Hartley Grattan wrote in "Introducing Australia":

> I should say that the inspiration for a sound Australian literary culture today and tomorrow is to be found in the writings of Tom Collins, Henry Lawson, and Bernard O'Dowd, and those who stand in the relation of allies, heirs, and assigns to them down the years. The basic Australian literary tradition is a compound of sound learning, rebelliousness, ardent faith in the common man, and an even more ardent faith in the Australian future. What better tradition could any nation want?

HIGH Bonnet

By IDWAL JONES

A delightful romance of Jean-Marie Gallois, chef de cuisine. A classic of good food and drink, written with warm humor and unusual charm. $2.50

At all bookstores

Prentice Hall

NO TIME TO READ?

We read U. S., foreign periodicals, books, speeches; give you each week best anecdotes, illustrative stories, etc. For speakers, chairmen, ministers, educators, writers. Third year of publication. Sub., $5. Send $2 for six months' trial (26 issues). Money-back guarantee.

QUOTE, Dept. I, Indianapolis

Quote — For Those who will not be Mentally Marooned

TO ORDER ANY BOOK

described or advertised in this issue — USE THIS COUPON

(Books sent postage free anywhere in U. S. and to members of the armed forces overseas.)

To: Your local bookseller

Or: Doubleday Book Shops,
Mail Order Dept.
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send me the following books for which I enclose $.....

(PRINT TITLES OF BOOKS WANTED).....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....
ZONE NO.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

I SHALL LIVE ON

"And I would walk the road and I would be
Deep in the wooded shade . . .
Recumbent as you others must I too
Submit?"—Adelaide Crapsey, "To the Dead in the Graveyard Underneath My Window."

There is no death. Though I no longer breathe,
I shall live on, I shall love on and on,
My body's dissolution born again,
Deep in the earth, into tomorrow's dawn.
Why should I treasure this my bitter flesh
Beyond today? I love to live too much.
I want to sing, yielding to the wind
As must yield the trees, I want to grow
As grows the brave new corn deep green in June.
I want some dust of me to conquer space
And live anew upon a distant star.
I shall live on, I indestructible,
I shall love on throughout infinity.

There is no death. Though I no longer breathe,
I shall live on, I shall love on and on.
What love I knew went forth and came again,
Sun-warm against my cheek. I tried to speak
And reaching touched your hand. You turned and smiled.
That smile, that finger's touch will press against
The earth forever, through you my having been
Part with your son's, your grandson's will become.
As long as men and women build their dreams,
As long as love will mate and love again
Because a child is born, I shall live on,
I shall love on throughout infinity.

ELEANOR SALTZMAN.

* * *

I was pleased that on October 21 the *New York Herald Tribune's* A Week of Verse picked up a little poem from the Nest which they titled "The Air Still Trembles." When I printed it I had no clue to its authorship, as I had received a number of others in the same type of envelope and obviously by the same person without any address. Now I have learned that the author is J. S. Wallace of New York. He tells me:

> Almost unbroken experience drove me to the conclusion that editors just looked at my manuscripts to find the return address on them. I said: now I'll fool them. They may even be driven to reading my material to see if the address is buried there.

When, anon, I print some other poem by Mr. Wallace, it will not be "Anon," but will bear his name.

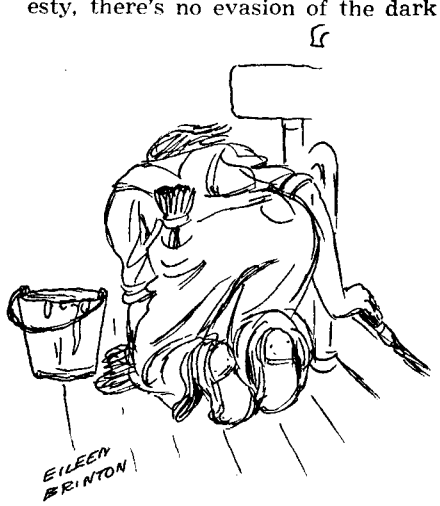
* * *

From Philbrook Farm Inn at Shelburne, New Hampshire, that fine educator, ex-professor of Wellesley, author of "Social Ideals in English Letters," "Socialism and Character," "The Franciscan Adventure," etc., namely Vida D. Scudder, sends me "these brief remarks, impulsively jotted down. Florence Converse thinks that the title of Nigel Balchin's novel should be 'The Small Backroom.' I haven't the book here."

FRUSTRATION: A NOTE OF CHEER

These are days when one might as well be cheerful if one can. Suddenly the ability has come to me as I've been reading two recent novels, "The White Tower," by James R. Ullmann, which has been met by general acclaim, and "The Back Room," by Nigel Balchin. As I lay the books down, I unexpectedly find myself regarding the late war with all its catastrophic horrors as a vast purifying and reassuring process, a violent cathartic as it were. Recalling fiction popular in America not so very long ago, I think novels in those days oscillated mainly between sentimentality and cynicism; clever readers naturally preferred the latter. To name authors or titles would be invidious; but we all remember the dreary pictures of small-town life, the relentless studies in the dusky maze of politics, the social landscape usually devoid of deep shadows but also of piercing lights. Oh, fiction was for the most part very depressing a quarter of a century ago. It gave us no vital air to breathe. The most brilliant novels of the day, busy in the name of realism with debunking their characters, presented a deserved indictment of our civilization, either a monotone of unenlightened commonplace or a dismal picture of feeble idealism fluttering in an invisible web. One turned away, either pitying human nature or discouraged about it.

Now consider those two books I mentioned. How do they make you feel? I for one am exhilarated. I may pity people as much as ever, but I see their worst frustrations as opportunities. Disillusion enough is registered; there is complete honesty, there's no evasion of the dark and dirty aspects of civilization as it was, or of the devastation into which it has crashed. And the high lights fall on people who realize all this to the full and who from one point of view are helpless victims. The pathos in both books is excruciating. "The Back Room" shows us intricate political pressures squeezing the life out of disinterested scientific research; we leave the hero suffering at the last moment from a cruel inward sense of failure after breathless effort, forced to accept admiration, and perhaps prospective honors, which he is bitterly sure he does not deserve. Failure! It is the key-word in the magnificent symbolism of "The White Tower," with its record of thwarted aspirations in matters more important than mountain climbing; failure, whether we watch the arrogant suicidal pride of the Nazi, the self-deceptions of the dilettante Frenchman, or the diversion of the constructive energies of the young architect to destructive bombing. Yes, both books present a sad picture of defeat and waste.



All the same, one closes them, and a good many other contemporary novels, loving men better and believing in them more thoroughly. Never, I think, was the pathos of human life more poignantly presented, but rarely if ever were its stubborn values more subtly shown. Feeble minor characters, some even distinctly bad, are shown without the sneering indictment to which second-rate though able minds so often resort as they survey mankind from China to Peru. Keen analysis is not lacking, but the most unsatisfactory people are gently treated. They are studied from within, not scrutinized from without: "tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner." The suggested attitude conforms to the supreme word of wisdom concerning human relationships: as we ourselves hope to be forgiven, so let us forgive. And we are shown quite a number of people with whom we should seek rather than grant forgiveness.

Yes, I leave these books soberly reassured about my fellow-men, if not particularly sanguine about our poor old world and its future. And after all the only thing that really matters is what we think about people. Our final uncertainty is whether man is or isn't made in a Divine Image, even although, quite obviously, he has fallen from grace. And not only fiction, but much evidence available just now, from prison camps, from stories by young returned veterans, or from personal observation privileged to peer into life's privacies, gives me courage to say Yes. Nor do I see how anyone reading in "The White Tower" about Benner, the Swiss guide, can fail to give an affirmative answer.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

* * *

From the Army comes the following incisive appraisal:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Let me not to the marriage of small minds
Admit impediments. Habits are habits,
And where's the bias alteration finds
While dwelling in the country of the Babbitts?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You say you know the truth, the truth foursquare:
You found it in the schoolhouse of your fathers.
And what's the use of seeking anywhere
For further light? He is a fool who bothers.

You have a car, a house, also a wife,
A Stromberg-Carlson, an Electrolux:
What more is needed for a happy life?
Well, you can buy it—gather in the bucks.

If this be error and upon me proved,
The very hills of Zion may be moved.

P. W. LARKSBARR,
Regimental Poet,
307th Infantry.

* * *

And a daughter-in-law of the notable artist and illustrator, N. C. Wyeth, sends me the following poem:

THE MIND CANNOT ACCEPT

The mind cannot accept a wound
Too deep upon the heart,
When tragedy with cutting knife
Descends, the two must part.
The heart to stagger on alone,
Unsuccored and unseen,
Till time at last comes to her side,
Her painful wound to clean.
And strutting off, the mind, with rags
Of pride, in which he's clad,
Proclaims renunciation of
The thing he never had!

* * *

And so—à bientôt!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

For High Schools

DESIGN FOR AMERICA: An Educational Exploration of the Future of Democracy. Edited by Theodore Brameld. Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge. New York: 1945. 165 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
WILLIAM HEARD KILPATRICK

MR. BRAMELD has written a striking account of a noteworthy step toward the remaking of our secondary education. It is a highly promising proposal of a better citizenship education of our youth for the post-war world.

The book discloses and supports two outstanding demands: the one that American education remake its secondary school from mere book learning to more adequate thinking and living; the other that America rebuild its social, economic, and political outlook to fit better the post-war needs. If any high-school staff will study the program presented in this book and seriously attempt to give the program a fair trial, that school—it seems safe to predict—will begin at once to remake itself and will soon be preparing citizens for the post-war world in a more adequate manner than is now done in eighty per cent of schools. May every high school try it.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

ARE YOU INTERESTED in the theatre of the past? The Theatre Magazine presents the stars, shows and other data in picture and text, with beautifully colored covers, period 1903-1928. Single issues, $2.75, 5 issues, $11.00, 10 issues, $17.50, all different. Box 431-M.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND OIL PORTRAITS rendered from photographs. POEMS lettered and decorated. Box 558-M.

WANTED: Art-Work, Research, Translations, Cataloguing. Call mornings, GRamercy 7-8464, Extension 3, (N. Y. C.)

GENTLEMAN at present baffled by destiny would like correspondence from sincere and interesting professional lady. Box 525-M.

WANTED by intelligent, alert, capable, young married man; position with big future. Experience sales, administration and buying; particularly food. Box 559-M.

ANGEL WANTED to Finance Play. Hollywood interested in screen rights. Professional authors. Box 502-M.

MATURE WOMAN, loving country living, books, music, poetry would like to hear from lonely people who love these things too. Box 560-M.

ARTICLES, BOOKS, FICTION, PLAYS marketed. Free Reading. Bertha Klausner, 130 East 40 St., New York 16.

ATTRACTIVE college graduate seeks interesting secretarial position, thoroughly experienced, excellent stenographer, typist. N. Y. C. Box 561-M.

COLLABORATOR NEEDED for book. Woman skilled at typing, phraseology and English for spare time help through mail. Percentage. Box 562-M.

DON'T DESPAIR of finding that book. Instead, write Box 182-M.

REWRITE OR EDITORIAL WORK WANTED by American university woman graduate. Editorial experience. Long pre-war residence abroad. Box 563-M.

TEA TREAT! Pamper your palate with the full rich flavor of fine Darjeeling. $1.55 lb., postpaid. CARAVEL, 126 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

PERSPICACIOUS YOUTH, B.D. & M.A., stationed overseas last 3 years, appeals to correspondents of all ages, both sexes, help relieve monotony of another winter in this isolated base. Box 565-M.

CIGARETTES FOR SALE—Shipped same day order received. All popular brands $1.39 a carton postpaid. Minimum order, three cartons. Send order with your check or money order today. Ace Mail Order Company, P. O. Box 150, East Orange, N. J.

MICHIGAN SOCIOLOGY GRADS desire extroverted job in New York City. Anything except routine. Box 56-M.

LIBERAL COUPLE would correspond with enthusiasts of Philip Wylie and Henry Miller. Box 567-M.

"MERRIEBROOK," Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583. Adults only.

SOCIAL WORKER with background in psychiatry and psychoanalytic theory interested in helping establish private clinic with psychiatrist or analyst. Box 568-M.

PERSONALS

DISCERNING WOMAN with editorial experience seeks interesting creative work requiring versatility, adaptability and ideas. Box 480-M.

OLD LYME, CONN.—Bee and Thistle Inn, ideal for vacation or creative work. Write Mrs. Browning for folder.

WOMAN OF WIDE HORIZONS desires correspondence with men of intellect and aesthetic appreciation, tempered with sense of humor and genuine friendliness. Box 569-M.

SAN FRANCISCO SECRETARY, 27, attractive and capable, desires travelling job, preferably east. Box 570-M.

HAVE YOU first hand story to tell about current conditions Europe, South America or Orient? Interview appointment with speakers bureau. Box 571-M.

SAILOR SOON CIVILIAN wants liberal-minded girl correspondent. Box 338-M.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

"JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!" writes one ordering additional copies. What? ADVENTURES IN READING, DIARY, ANTHOLOGY (Hayes), choice gift for a thoughtful reader. The book conservative of all books. Unique personal reading record. $1.00. Money-back guaranty. Colonial Process Printing Company, Harvey, Illinois.

FOREIGN AUTHOR seeks help to rewrite and type manuscript. Adventure stories. Box 572-M.

VETERAN, 28, single, seeking civilized surroundings, desires to join non-sectarian, non-political, cooperative vegetarian community. Box 573-M.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on gummed label 500 for $1.00. Box 979-K.

WRITER-EDITOR, 29, Ex-Wac, five-year newspaper, public relations background. Wants non-pressure NYC job in field of words. No "beginner's" salary. Box 574-M.

VETERAN, with intelligence, integrity, seeks type employment to enable reunion with fiancee in England. Pledge exchange of hand and heart. Box 575-M.

APPLE HILL, charming pre-Revolutionary modernly-equipped farm home 38 miles northwest of Boston, offers informal country life, from $5 daily, $25 weekly, $100 monthly, meals included. Write Apple Hill, East Pepperell, Mass., or phone Pepperell 157 ring 3.

PERSONABLE, ABLE ARTIST, A.B. University Virginia 1937, experienced fine arts, murals, decoration, seeks part, full employment. Box 576-M.

NEED DETAILED CRITICISM OR COACHING on that snaggy script? Editor-novelist will help you, fees reasonable. Selling aid gratis to regular customers, and your partial book may click. Box 465-M.

WANTED TO BUY: Huxley's END AND MEANS. Box 519-M.

SECRETARY-HOUSEKEEPER in Connecticut home; fond children; family life; willing take responsibility; some manuscript typing; driving; time off flexible; one hour from New York. Box 528-M.

HEDGE AGAINST INFLATION and return to the soil. Engineer twenty years' experience operating farm, seeks party with substantial capital to purchase farm estate in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley. Will operate for purchaser on share basis. Box 527-M.

TEACHER wants letters from persons who believe teachers are really people. Box 522-M.

RESEARCH LIBRARIAN, fine arts background, currently employed at major picture studio would welcome change. Any offers? Box 577-M.

(Continued on next page)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 61*)

MANUSCRIPT DOCTOR. Diagnosis, operation. Professional practitioner. Moderate fees. Box 405-M.

THEATRICAL, LITERARY, BUSINESS BACKGROUND; young woman wants interesting job, N. Y. C.; expert typist. Box 466-M.

YOUNG WOMAN wishes correspondence preferably with European. Interests literature, music, languages. Sense of humor essential. Box 517-M.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED; mimeographing; superior workmanship, JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

AMBITIOUS YOUNG MALE needs help to finish novel about Hollywood. Box 579-M.

BOOKHANDLING SEMINARS. Expert training Bookshop Technique, Bibliography, Rare Book Collecting. KATHARINE LORD, 1634 Eye Street, NW, Washington, D. C.

REFINED, EDUCATED WOMAN, versatile, liberal, welcomes letters from mature college man. Box 580-M.

GALLERY SCHOOL OF ART, night school for people who work. Tuesday, Friday evenings 7-10. Norlyst Gallery, 59 West 56 Street, N. Y. Tuition $1.00.

ATTENTION WRITERS! Reliable, well known publisher is desperate for good manuscript of 50,000 to 90,000 words, fiction or nonfiction. Have you written one? Send it to me. No reading or agent fee. Guarantee safe return of ms. If not acceptable, Unusual way to obtain ms, hoping it brings unusual results. CHARLES ROLLS, 115 West 16 Street, New York City.

"THE COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING offered by the University of Oklahoma (under the supervision of Prof. W. S. Campbell, 'Stanley Vestal') sounds so efficient and intelligent, whether taken in person or by correspondence, that we are tempted to refer to it many applicants who wish that kind of information and training."—The Saturday Review of Literature (May 15, 1939—page 21). For particulars write STANLEY VESTAL, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma.

WANTED: office or share in office by well known literary agent, preferably between 38 and 50 Street, Madison and Sixth Avenue, N. Y. C. Box 581-M.

WANTED BY COUPLE to sublet or lease small apartment midtown Manhattan. Box 582-M.

ISOLATED WOMAN, travel restricted, would journey by correspondence with mature gentleman interested in books, theater, fishing and people. Box 510-M.

UNNEUROTIC LIBRARIANS ATTENTION: Is there a position for a trained, experienced, but pleasant assistant, young male, preferably in a college where the librarian has a sense of humor, is not senile and other assistants aren't brought out of crypts for duties? Or should I change professions? Box 583-M.

PUBLISHER! Timely, authentic, impartial, vivisecting, two-sexed 1946 Washington 300-page bombshell sure best-seller by leading international observer. Box 584-M.

WHAT CAN YOU OFFER Veteran, 38, college graduate; smattering of French, Italian, Portuguese; proven executive ability; experienced transportation troubleshooter; secretary; good at figures? Box 551-M.

SRL's NEW MANAGING EDITOR, subdued by five years in War Department, seeks two-bedroom unfurnished apartment, preferably mid-Manhattan, for self, wife. Call WINTERICH, BR 9-4275.

WANTED—A woman as assistant to sales executive in New York City. Must be excellent stenographer with some knowledge of bookkeeping and willing to accept responsibility. Hours: 9 to 5, five days per week. This is a well-paying position with a future for the person who can qualify. Please write stating age, experience and salary expected. **Box 585-M.**

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this department: 15c a word. Rates for several insertions follow: 26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1899. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th Street, N. Y.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINES, 1888-1945; Reader's Digest, Antiques, Scientific Periodicals, Periodical Service. Box 327, Swarthmore, Pa.

SCULPTURE

Sculpture by NICHOLAS MOCHARNIUK. Alwin Leber Shop, 11 East 8 Street, N. Y. C. 3, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20c. Books bought.

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LIBRAIRIE LIPTON, The French Book Shop, 791 Lexington Avenue, New York 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects, bought and sold.

SEEKING COPIES of Paris-Magazine and Vive-Paris published in France 1932-1940. Generous price for collection or single copies. Box 463-M.

BOOKS

ALFRED F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C. First editions, fine prints, good books. Books by and about Walt Whitman.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE. We will find the book you want if we cannot supply it from our own large stock. Libraries bought everywhere — correspondence invited. Give us a trial. Mid-West Book Co., 608 West 60 Street, Chicago 21, Illinois.

PSYCHOANALYSIS, Psychiatry, Psychology, Education. Ask for free circular "B." Sociology, History, Current Affairs, Philosophy, Art. Ask for free circular "C." International Universities Press, Inc., 227 West 13 Street, New York 11, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS. Whether last year's novels or rare first editions we'll locate them for you. Jay Thompson, 1 Hillside, Pelham, N. Y.

LOUIS SCHUCMAN, 77 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y. An unusually fine collection of out-of-print books enables us to supply many hard to find items at low prices. Unremitting search enables us to locate the greater number of those which are not already in stock. Try us.

BOOKS FOR SALE

BROWSE IN OUR FREE CATALOGS of out-of-print, scarce and rare books: We have books in many languages and subjects. We'll get that book you can't find; no extra charge postpaid. THOUSANDS of good books as near as your mailbox. Correspondence invited from collectors, students, teachers, librarians, bookworms, and booklovers. H. H. Evan, Bookseller, 3319 Sacramento Street, San Francisco 18, California.

FREE BARGAIN CATALOGUES. All subjects. NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS, 1182 Broadway, N. Y. C.

BOOK SALE, new and used. Bargains, 35c up. New free catalog. 6000 titles. Novels, westerns, mysteries, non-fiction. AMERICAN LENDING LIBRARY, Dept. SR, College Point, N. Y.

CLASSIFIED

LANGUAGES

LANGEAGE SERVICE CENTER, Div. of Schoenhof's Foreign Books, Inc., Harvard Sq., Cambridge 38, Mass. Established 1936. All record courses. Also books in all languages. Booklet SRL.

PSYCHOANALYSIS

PSYCHIATRY, PSYCHOANALYSIS, CHILD DEVELOPMENT. We specialize in these fields exclusively. Visit us or ask for Catalog H. ROBERT BRUNNER, 1212 Sixth Avenue at 48 Street, New York 19. BR 9-8487.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENT FOR 26 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful services. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, 280 Madison at 40 Street, New York.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers, available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, Denver 2, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED DEFTLY. Can spell, punctuate, decipher. References. Gladys Grim, Box 492, Cheyenne, Oklahoma.

MARY DOUGLAS, Literary Assistant. Specialist in constructive criticism and effective revision of manuscript. Editing, research, ghostwriting. Experience and reliability. 70 Morningside Drive, New York 27.

MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM, EDITING, REWRITING. Wide experience. Marie H. Doyle, 341 Madison Avenue, New York 17. MU 6-7096.

MANUSCRIPT BUREAU, Literary Agency. Short stories, articles, books, novels sold. All sales possibilities covered. Send scripts or query us. 154 Nassau Street, New York 7.

AUTHORS, ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street. Boston, Mass.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, CORRECTED. Expert, inexpensive. Helen Friedman, Hotel Lincoln, Eighth Ave., 44 St., N. Y. C. CI 6-4500.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44, New York 18.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: INTELLIGENT, prompt, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48 St., N. Y. C. WI 2-1127.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books, marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell, 22 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, reasonably, accurate, prompt. Aimee Porter, 1150 Partridge Ave., Beloit, Wis.

BOOKS BOUGHT

LOUIS SCHUCMAN, BOOKSELLER, 77 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y. GRamercy 5-6094. We buy complete collections and individual titles and sets. Call us for high cash prices and immediate removal at our expense.

BOOKS WANTED. Small, large collections—all subjects. Also review copies. Book of Month Club selections, etc. Will call anywhere, any time, pay cash, remove immediately. A bookstore at this location over 40 years. LENOX BOOKS, 52 West 125 St., N. Y. C., LEhigh 4-5382.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

IN trying partially to catch up with my files I came across a June letter from our standby, George Boissard, Madison, Wis. He is a perennial enlightener, for in his long experience in newspaper work and business, he seems to have rubbed elbows with most people of account, and he enjoys meeting them again in our pages. G.B. writes, "My grandson, thumbing through the pages of No. 17, asked me who painted the 'Spirit of '76.' 'A Cleveland artist named Willard,' I told him. 'His son was a friend and fellow-worker with me in Akron in 1888.' 'But there are eight letters in the name here,' replied G.B.XI. 'I haven't got that far along in No. 17, but I have my grandson working them out in the easy book and his father caught the itch from picking up unfinished X-tics on my table.'" Thus G.B. was really the first one to call my attention to that discrepancy.

I'll make a start today on that long-neglected librarians' list of DCers I requested last spring, although names are still coming in.

One summer years ago I met at Wellesley George Hubbard, who introduced himself as the "caretaker" of the Waltham Public Library and an ardent DCer. He is still at it. When Clara F. Baldwin, St. Paul, retired from library work in 1936 she took up DC's and she firmly believes in using reference books, "since," she writes, "the slogan of reference librarians is 'Not to know, but to know where to find.'" (That gladdens my heart!) Harriet S. Davids, Kings County Free Library, Hanford, Calif., knows that more than one library in California subscribes to two copies of the *SRL*, and hence the librarian may work the DC in peace and still have a copy for circulation. She thinks DC's are "like a Masonic emblem when identification of kindred souls is concerned," and she amplifies her statement with this episode: "A few years ago I approached a Boston hotel clerk to see if I could borrow a dictionary. 'Oh,' he said, glancing at the *SRL* folded with the puzzle in view, 'My sisters do those things. Where are you stuck?' So a page was sent immediately for a dictionary and between us we soon had our solution." Dorothy Darrow, Fort Lauderdale Public Library, Fla., says that there is quite a DC clique in Fort Lauderdale with the library as common ground. "My only complaint," she writes, "is being called to the telephone at 11:30 P.M.—or 9 A.M. on a Sunday morning. Then to everyone's disgust I haven't done the puzzle, don't know the answer, try to find it in my personal reference library, and wind up by working the puzzle when I had intended to go back to sleep or spend the morning at the beach."

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 608

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 54 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. American sculptor (1855-1935; John Paul Jones Monument, Washington, D. C., etc.)

B. Equality (Law).

C. To go unrestrained or untamed (2 wds.)

D. A stench.

E. River of a noted "Swan."

F. Bottom of the sole (boot or shoe).

G. Unseaworthy vessel liable to be lost (Colloq.)

H. Wide of the mark; exaggerated.

I. Impious.

J. Strove after as an aim.

K. Son of Phinehas and grandson of Eli (Bib.)

L. Mock sea fight or the place for such exhibitions (Rom. Antiq.)

M. Well-known American radio commentator (1887-).

N. Carried or borne (Colloq.)

O. Cucullate.

P. English dramatist (1635?-1691; "Love in a Tub").

Q. New York City Univ. for men.

R. Heedful; courteous.

S. One of a people of what is now N. W. Persia (powerful in seventh and sixth centuries B. C.)

T. To harvest.

U. One of a people closely related to the Lithuanians.

V. City in South Dakota.

W. Furnished with too large a supply of officers, teachers, etc., for the job.

X. "Tracery" characterized by waving or flamelike curves (Arch.)

Y. Adorned with a headdress like a bishop's.

Z. Fiery; glowing; eager.

Z! Study of the senile stages of an organism.

WORDS

124 74 103 34 16 31 15

43 102 158 23 52 106

116 82 108 97 153 8 164

104 54 44 80 70 33 99 32

133 29 172 93

163 136 77 41 69

129 112 149 65 49 14

113 75 30 46 139 146 150 174

56 26 111 13 84 122 173

169 40 131 1 98 57

121 47 157 89 95 109 125

137 162 58 118 105 100 127 96

38 110 12 71 73

170 166 145 180 3

179 117 130 91 142 72

35 147 53 81 181 176 94 128

115 148 132 18 175 123 24

10 88 152 161 143 178 61 50 135

55 76 114 85

37 90 27 59 11 101 45 151

7 25 42 140

63 21 83 107 156 2 160

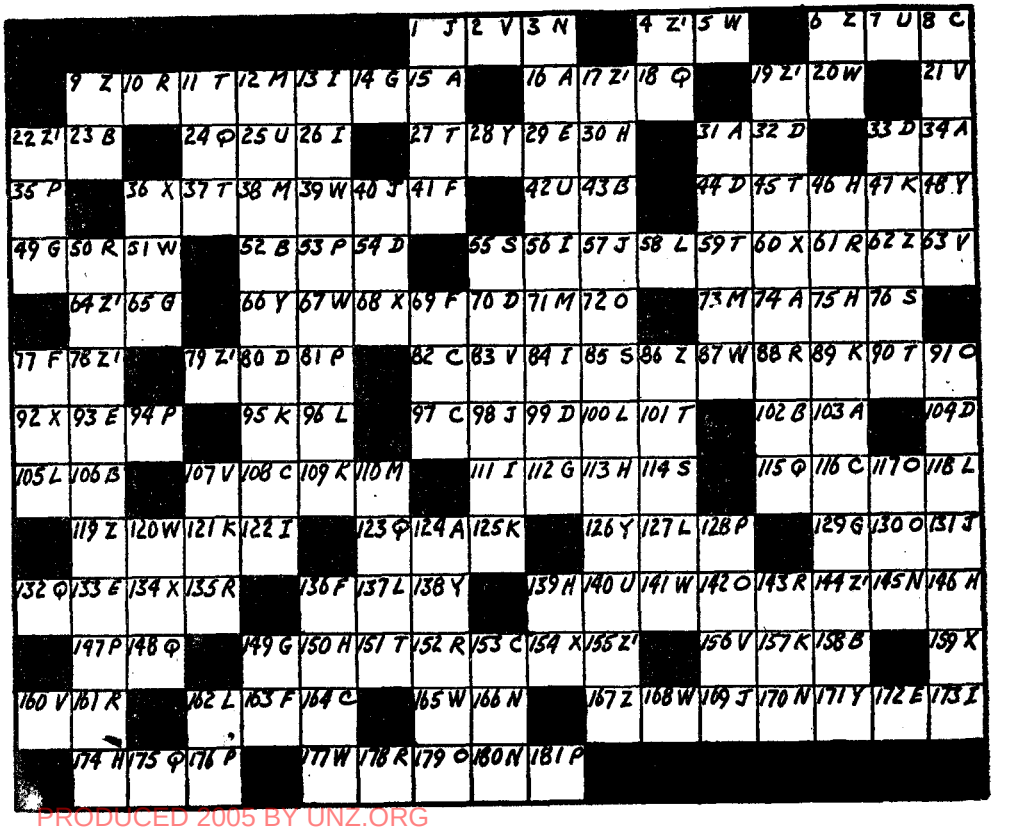
177 120 168 141 87 165 67 5 20 51 39

154 60 159 36 92 68 134

66 28 126 171 48 138

6 86 167 119 9 62

17 4 78 79 19 22 64 144 155



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Publisher Reviews the Critics

THE PRACTICAL COGITATOR is a book that is all things to all men. Because it is an anthology of man's wisdom about man, each reader takes from it as much as he puts into it. Deep men see its depth, broad men its breadth. A great many brilliant Americans have looked into the pages of THE PRACTICAL COGITATOR and each in his individual way has found what he sought.

Notice how each critic has expressed a dominant mood, or seen the book in terms of subjects which have absorbed him. Professor Neilson, who has been for many years a cultural force himself, sees the book as such. Sumner Welles sees it as a force for international patience. Indeed, not the publisher but the Cogitator itself reviews the critics, and as Christopher Morley points out, the personality of each critic is becomingly lighted by the quality of the book.

Irwin Edman: "For myself, and I should think for most sensible people, you have pleasantly assembled the most sensible eloquence on the most rational things."

Lloyd Garrison: "A marvellously rich and varied collection, as warming to the spirit as it is challenging to the mind. This book is a monument to the mind of man — to its infinite variety and depth, its power and range, and the miracle of its ever-widening dominion over the universe that gave it birth."

Sumner Welles: "Its publication comes at a time when American public opinion is jittery, emotional and prone to disregard much of the wisdom of the past. I think it is not too much to say that if thinking Americans will only read this book it may have a very decided effect on public thinking during the coming turbulent years."

W. A. Nielson: "You seem to me to have let loose a cultural force of enormous promise."

Clifton Fadiman: "There is a certain grim consolation these days in listening to the voice of reason so admirably presented in THE PRACTICAL COGITATOR."

Bernard De Voto: "I am not writing a blurb but honestly telling you my experience when I say I have had more pleasure from THE PRACTICAL COGITATOR than from any other book I can remember reading in years. It is certainly the most original anthology I have ever seen and certainly one of the best.... its constant effect on me was not to make me stop and think but read and enjoy. You have succeeded in assembling an amazing variety of fascinating stuff and in making it relevant. I can't say that I know exactly what it is relevant to beyond the enjoyment of expert thinking and good writing, but you have made me believe that is relevant to something more and that is a kind of small miracle."

Orville Prescott: "To do it justice would require that adequate tribute be paid to the accumulated wisdom of man; to absorb it all would be a liberal education . . . exceedingly good reading, clear, smooth and mellow stuff with a bite to it."

Christopher Morley: "Thank God I still have sense to be grateful when people have done me good and true. Your book is a winnowing beam, and I am well threshed."

Hamilton Basso: "Just now, knocking off for the week, I am inclined to feel that the sagest piece of wisdom contained in this or any other anthology is an outburst by John Adams. 'I am weary,' said he, 'of contemplating nations from the lowest and most beastly degradations of human life to the highest refinement of civilization. I am weary of philosophers, theologians, politicians, and historians. . . .'"

If the indigestion which follows the eating of dog by man is not fatal, this column—The Publisher Reviews the Critics—will be an occasional feature of Houghton Mifflin Company's advertising in the SRL.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY PUBLISHERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED